"PRUDENCE IS ALWAYS IN SEASON." See page ii of Cover.

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# JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 479 SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 24.

*Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,*
*If Britain to itself do rest but true.*

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

## Happy "Returns" of "the Day"

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

### WHAT WE WILL PAY.

**As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—**

| | |
|---|---|
| In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of | £200 |
| Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... | £100 |
| Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | £100 |
| Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ... ... ... ... ... ... | £25 |
| Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to | £10 |

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

### TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

**FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.**
*TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.*

*To* ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

*Signed*.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

August 7th., 1915.

### DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

*Name of Nominee* .....

*Address* .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

August 7th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

### WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

*Address*.....

*Name of Insured*.....

.....

*Age next Birthday*..... *Date of Signature* .....

### NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

*Name*.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

*This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.*

**HAD YOURS YET?**

**If not, don't delay.**

**Cut out the Coupon opposite.**

**"JOHN BULL" PEN.**

### JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 7th, 1915.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 479. Week ending Saturday, August 7th, 1915. One Penny.


**The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,150,000 copies weekly.**

## £10 REWARD.

*WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for July 31st, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 521,648 and A152,394.*

*Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.*

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

**O.P. Again!**

Again out of print—and another 30,000 up! Keep it going.

**Our Campaign.**

On Friday we are at Bournemouth, and on Saturday at Torquay. *Next* week we go, on Saturday, to Harrogate, and on Sunday to Blackpool—the better the day the better the deed! That will do for the moment.

**Peace—Perfect Peace!**

The Law Courts and the place where they make the law are both "up"—the one for ten and the other for six weeks. Now we can all go to sleep.

**"If You See It. . . . "!**

When, the other day, we stated that there "was more in that conference than the world yet knows," we were taunted by some of the orthodox press with "appearing terribly wise," and "imposing on credulous readers." Well, apart from the fact that readers of this journal are not particularly credulous, we may now refer to the headlines of the same orthodox press —"Mr. Lloyd George's Surprise"—"War Conference Revelation," and all the rest of it. 'Twas ever so!

**Those Wicked Sweepstakes!**

Through a passenger on the Pacific R.M.S. *Ortega* we have received £34, derived from sweepstakes on the daily run of the vessel, and allocated to our War Sufferers' Fund. Other wicked passengers, please copy.

**The Year's Story.**

Look out for the "John Bull" popular Diary of the War—from August, 1914, to August, 1915—and notice how we have collated the stirring events of that epoch-making period. See page 19.

**That Munitions Act!**

Here is an extract from Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the Commons the other day:—

> I have a case now where there is a strike at this moment because plumbers were brought in to assist coppersmiths. There are not enough coppersmiths to go round. The work could not be done because there were too few. But the plumbers could assist, and notice was given to the Union that they were to be brought in. The whole of the coppersmiths walked out, and up to this moment, as far as I know, they are still out. This is deplorable.

"Deplorable"! It is damnable! "*As far as I know.*" Great Heaven—who else *should* know? And what of that precious Act? And then listen to this: "Where there is a shortage of skilled men upon a particular job, other men who are quite competent to assist *are not allowed to do so.*" And we are told that we must not criticise the Government!

**Von Bissing.**

And can it really be true that the order for the internment of this suspect—upon whom, as our readers know, we have had our eye for a long while—is to be indefinitely postponed, as his appeal "cannot come on for some time, owing to the vacation"? We sympathise with Sir John Simon if he is to be handicapped in this way.

**Nosey Parkers.**

Ministers do not like M.P.s who are also *N.*P.s—Nosey Parkers—always wanting to know things. It makes them *so* tired, and that is one of the reasons why they insisted on six weeks' rest. For instance, asked whether German prisoners interned at Wakefield were permitted to go about without escort to Leeds and other places, Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, replied: "I am afraid I cannot say"; whilst when Mr. Runciman was questioned as to the number and rank of German-born employees in his Department—the Board of Trade—he could only say that he had such a large number of officials under him that it was impossible to give the desired information!

**The Traitors.**

We hope, however, that the parliamentary vacation will afford the Law Officers an opportunity of studying the methods of Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald, Ponsonby, Morel, and other traitors, and of laying them by the heels. The manner in which they are being permitted to poison public opinion is disgusting.

**Particulars of our Great Free War Insurance are to be found on page ii of cover.**

**Chucking the Money Away.**

We have said, by paradox, that the only idea some officials in some Government Departments have of saving money is to chuck it away. Take the Parliamentary War Savings Committee. One would imagine that a Parliamentary War Savings Committee would know how to save during the war. Yet in sending out their pamphlet, "Silver Bullets Will Win the War—Why We Must Save," they are wasting stationery and postage right and left. It is not merely that these things are not invariably sent out "On His Majesty's Service" as they should be, for more often the packages bear a threepenny and a halfpenny postage stamp. In one instance which is before us a reader employing four workmen has received three huge packets, heavily postaged, of the aforementioned pamphlets, numbering about 1,000—each packet addressed to him on the same date by the same hand. That waste of public money—scandalous in itself, and exasperating to any business man who is finding War Loans and Treasury Bills, and what not, to meet the expenses of the war—is being repeated elsewhere by this Committee, who by the same packets as they presume to tell the public how to save are giving them a striking lesson in how to squander.

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**Truth and the Mystery.**

Unless truth is a liar, there is not a doubt that abundant munition workers are needed, yet "two weeks ago," says an old reader, "I enrolled as a skilled volunteer war-worker for lathe work. I served 3½ years in the machine shop of a big foundry, and it is not Government work I am now on. Having enrolled I am anxious to be on the job, but not a word yet when I am to start. What is your advice? Shall I 'Wait and see,' or is there nothing doing?" Bothered if we know for certain; the whole thing is wropt in mystery. But taking one consideration with another, we advise our reader to write to Mr. Burbidge, of the Munitions Ministry, requesting to know whether enrolled lathe workers are required while they are alive, or after they are dead.

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**Playing the Prussian.**

Even in the ranks of that admirable body of voluntary war-workers, the Special Constables, we hear isolated complaints of persons dressed in a little brief authority being over anxious to play the Prussian. One wet, cheerless evening a sergeant going the rounds demanded of one of the men, in true Potsdam style, why he had his hands in his pockets. "Look here, Mr. Sergeant," retorted the accosted Special with the heat of wrath, "I have my hands in my pockets because they are my hands and my pockets; and until you are able to report me for having my hands in your pockets, or I am able to report you for having your hands in my pockets, neither you nor I have any occasion to worry." And, so far as we know, he was not shot at break of day.

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**The Circle Germhunic.**

According to Mr. Herbert Samuel, there was recently affixed to one of the walls of the Berlin Town Hall a placard bearing this legend: "Peace brings riches; riches create arrogance; arrogance brings war; war produces poverty; poverty leads to humility; humility leads to peace." After that, of course, the Germhuns have an idea of continuing the running. Actually the full stop all over again will be exactly where they have put it. When they feel sufficiently humble, they can have a suitable peace.

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**Badges and Badgerers.**

So girls under sixteen are not to be permitted to badger us with badges in the streets—"unless accompanied by an adult"! There's war legislation for you!

**Those "Angels."**

The foolish myth about "The Angelic Guard at Mons" is still growing, but we are glad to note that the majority of our correspondents discredit the fable. One version of the story now quotes "Miss Marrable (the daughter of Canon Marrable)" as the lady who is said to say that two officers said they saw the angels who were sent by Providence to frighten the horses of the Germans. This brings us no nearer the truth, for Miss Marrable admittedly saw nothing of the kind herself. What we require is the names of the British officers, and their word of honour, as officers and gentlemen, that they actually saw the thing. We could then treat the legend with respect—but not until then. The issue is confused by another version, said to be related by a nurse on the authority of seven soldiers, including officers, and telling of a ring of shining angels encircling the top of a chalk pit. We read, "the nurse wrote and had the story authenticated." Very well; then let us have the name of this anonymous nurse, and the names of the seven soldiers. Otherwise, we prefer to disbelieve. A third version—you pay no money, but you take your choice—was told by no less a person than the Archbishop of York, who said German prisoners said their march on Paris was stopped because of the large masses of reserves behind our line. These imaginary troops were angels—in the uniform of Marlborough's days! The myth grows like a snowball.

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**On the Wall.**

There is a man in Glasgow who dislikes Germans, but who will keep his feelings more carefully to himself in future. On the staircase wall of a house, near the dwelling of a German, he wrote, "You are a German spy." A constable, watching, pounced on and caught the miscreant. Dragged to the police-court and dumped into the felon dock, no regard was paid to the patriotic motives that induced him to pencil his warning on the wall, and a merciless magistrate mulcted him in the sum of £2 sterling, or twenty days' imprisonment. It was much too big a punishment for what was, at the worst, a silly act. No great harm was done, and the man's intentions were good, if his proceedings were irregular. But that German *will* smile, content to think no other Glaswegian will be in a hurry to write his considered opinion of an alien when the so doing results in shedding forty good shillings.

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**"Write to JOHN BULL."**

Some of the many communications which reach us are extremely touching. For instance, "I should like to help our country a little by taking a £5 War Loan," writes an old lady of Egham. "I do not understand much about it—so come to you in my trouble, as a good many more do. Will you please tell me if at any time (before the allotted time, 1925) I could sell the loan for the sum I gave for it, as, if I live, I should most likely want the money in three or four years, as I am old and have very little money and cannot work." We have, of course, done our best to reassure the old lady—whose spirit puts to shame many persons in a far better financial position.

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**Host and Guest.**

A correspondent wishes to be informed whether, on the last occasion when the Germhun Kaiser was in this country, Herr Ramsay von Macdonald, M.P., was included in his Satanic Majesty's dinner party. We have no documentary proof on the point; all we can say is that if the Herr von Macdonald was not included, it must have been an oversight. A monarch should never begrudge a little food in reward of a great service.

**The "John Bull" Pen is the very thing for Jack and Tommy.**

**An Unwise Interference.**

Told shortly, this is the record of a case at Gateshead Police Court. A man "of respectable appearance" was in his wife's company when he observed a disturbance in the street. A soldier was being arrested, and the civilian remarked that he should not be arrested when he was doing nothing. As the soldier pleaded guilty to being drunk, the man was in the wrong to speak as he did, but his mistake did not justify his arrest also on a charge of drunkenness. He protested that he had never been in Court before, had never had a charge against him in his life, and said it was "not fair, and quite un-English, to be run in for making a remark." No doubt was cast upon his respectability, and his story was reasonable and straightforward. But the charge against the soldier, who had admitted his guilt, was withdrawn, and the civilian, strenuously denying the allegation, was fined 9s. The case might be passed over as an oddity of "justice," were it not for some words by the Mayor, Chairman of the Bench, who said, "The magistrates believe, absolutely, the policeman. Personally, I am very sorry you did not confess." With every respect to the police force, most of whom are fine fellows, we submit that even they are liable to make a mistake, and it is an insult to a respectable man to urge him to "confess" his guilt when he is strenuously protesting his innocence.

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**That "Mysterious Germhun."**

Apropos of that alleged deaf-and-dumb Germhun of whom an account was recently given by one of our correspondents, a Bradford reader, under date July 26th, tells us that the man has now been interned by the local police. Whether he is still deaf and dumb we do not know; but our informant, who has lived close to him for over two years, says he has been a mystery all the time, and is no more deaf and dumb, despite his professions, than he is himself. "Why he was not interned before I cannot say, except that the people of Bradford are overrun with Teutonic reptiles and can hardly call their souls their own. We have had them on the Bench, in the Council, and in at everything. There are scores at large yet, and in good positions, who ought to be locked up, especially some of the wealthiest. How could this man you mention live in a £24 house by selling bootlaces, pencils, handkerchiefs, etc.? There are plenty as suspicious as the professed dumb one. The place stinks of them." Evidently something is wrong with the Chief of the Nuisance Inspectors. When the Germhuns begin to make an English town like Bradford stink, it is time to take them away to a distant forty-acre field and segregate them.

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**A Supercilious Super.**

Rather an audacious stand was made at West Hartlepool Police Court by Supt. McDonald A man charged with travelling on the railway without a ticket said he had done so because he came to West Hartlepool to enlist. The Bench proposed to adjourn the case to give the prisoner a chance to join the Army, and suggested that a constable should accompany him to the recruiting office. Whereupon "Supt. McDonald objected to the police being made recruiting agents," and an Inspector of the railway police kindly took over the little task. The Bench do not appear to have reprimanded the supercilious Superintendent, and tacitly consented to receive the slap in the face that he had the impertinence to deal them. Perhaps the Superintendent is a peace-at-any-price lunatic, like his namesake, but he is certainly out of place in a position of authority. West Hartlepool might ascertain when he is entitled to claim his pension.

**A Tale that is Told.**

A few days ago, on a certain Monday, a young and hefty son of Norfolk, keen on doing his bit, made his way to a Norwich recruiting depot to enlist in the infantry. He passed all tests, took the oath, was paid 2s. 9d. to clinch the bargain, and told to go home and attend at the recruiting depot at 8 o'clock the following Wednesday morning. He went straight from the barracks to his employers, boot manufacturers, to tell them he was leaving, as he had just joined the Army. But on the Wednesday morning he received a telegram from the military authorities informing him he had been discharged from his Majesty's Army! Amazed, unable in any way to account for his dismissal, he hied him to the recruiting depot to know the reason why. The explanation offered him was, that the regiment he wished to join was full up. So, instead of drafting him to another regiment, the addle-pated officer in charge of the recruiting depot took the absurd step of depriving the Army of a most promising recruit. Luckily, the raw recruit was not to be baulked that way. The following Saturday, he *re-enlisted* in another regiment, whose officers, we trust, will appreciate his quality, and remember that enlistment is for three years, not three days. Oh, for a business recruiting system!

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**His Little Error.**

Just to show how infallible a magistrate is when a question of intoxication comes before him for decision, we recount a little dialogue that took place at Gateshead Police Court between the gentleman in the dock and the Chairman of the Bench. It commenced when the man, charged with having been "d. and d.," had the impertinence to attempt to justify his conduct. "Why," was the astonished comment of the beak, "you are drunk now!" The accused man apologetically suggested that this was hardly possible. It was Monday then, and he explained, "I have been locked up since Saturday night." When the Chief Constable put in his little bit, "It is quite true; the man has not had bail," the Chairman discreetly murmured, "My mistake," and the scene closed. But it shows that mistakes are possible, even to a magistrate on the Bench.

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**"The Rector's Opportunity."**

We referred to the action of the Rector of Horton, who, as a Special Constable, took to the police station a drunken woman, she subsequently receiving seven days. A friend of the Rector writes to explain that the woman was too intoxicated to stand; she could not say where she lived, or the Rector would gladly have driven her home; and if she had been left alone she would have collapsed in the road and probably been run over in the darkness. Acting in her own interest and for her own safety, the Rector reluctantly handed her over to the police, and his friend considers there was no alternative. We willingly give his explanation, but we still think a priest should have done anything rather than have the woman locked up and imprisoned. A barn, a stable—anything but the gaol.

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**Camp Waste.**

Every time a military camp is vacated, for the front, there is an enormous waste of unused food and stores—the official excuse being that notice of removal is frequently very short and that there is a "lack of experienced Commanding Officers, Adjutants and Quarter-Masters." The idea of keeping a Stores Clerk permanently at each camp, responsible for the supplies, has not yet dawned on the Government! Possibly the extraordinary state of things brought to light in the course of recent legal proceedings, may induce them to set their house in order.

**Make your home happy. Let your wife read "Everywoman's Weekly."**

**Plucked Alive.**

A prosecution, alleging cruelty against two farmers by causing live geese to be plucked, was dismissed at County Limerick Petty Sessions, with 10s. costs against the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was admitted live geese had been plucked—two were found with broken wings, there was blood on the plucked quills, the geese were plucked quite bare, and their flesh was visible. For the defence it was said that the wings were injured by a dog when the birds were young, that the quills would have fallen off, naturally, in a fortnight, that the plucking was not cruelly done, and that if they were not plucked they would injure cattle by picking the feathers from themselves and casting them about the fields where stock were grazing. In other words, the plucking was only done to assist the birds in moulting—and the magistrates seem to have decided that this was a proper thing to do and had not been done cruelly. What would be more valuable would be the opinion of the other geese—the ones that were plucked. A bird knows when its own feathers should fall, and often assists the process at the moment, but it would scarcely be grateful to the hand that pulled the feathers out a fortnight too soon.

**Poor Pay and Peculation.**

Mrs. Carrie Morgan, carrying on the business of a grocer as Morgan and Company, Montpelier, Cheltenham, had in her employ for about twelve months a porter, 29 years old, and married, to whom she had the audacity to pay a wage of 15s. a week. She and her precious manager were one day astounded to learn that their porter had absconded with the sum of £2 6s. 6d., and we can imagine their incredulous astonishment at such black ingratitude. The porter was guilty of theft, but the Bench bound him over for twelve months, on the condition that he repays the money, together with 15s. costs—a whole week's salary going in a lump for fees. We regret the man's error, but we regret still more the fact that tradesmen exist who deal so scandalously in flesh and blood. The marvel is, not that one man should steal, but that any men can remain honest under what is nothing short of incitement to obtain by peculation what is denied by justice.

**Amusement.**

An illustrated contemporary publishes the picture of a horse being branded with a hot iron, for military purpose, and the flesh of the animal—or, we hope, its hair—is seen smoking. The operation may be a necessary one, but the remarks added to the picture are certainly very unnecessary—for some unfeeling person writes: "It is amusing to see the startling suddenness with which a sleepy and unsuspecting horse is galvanised into extreme animation by the application of the branding iron." Amusing, indeed! Some people have a quaint idea of entertainment; but we suggest that, if the hot iron were applied by way of a change to a certain portion of the anatomy of the gentleman guilty of penning the words quoted, he would fail to see the joke, though the "extreme animation" exhibited by himself might lead, fittingly enough, to a horse-laugh on the part of others.

**Naughty Officers.**

We observe that a certain colonel has been court-martialled for playing cards with his officers, and others. And we also hear of a major—who was doing splendid work at the front—being recalled because it is alleged that he once ran a baccarat show. Ye gods! haven't we something better to do than waste time and men in this way? Is a man less capable of taking a trench because he also likes occasionally to take a bank? *Do* let us get on with the job!

**Closing Hours.**

Southend Justices, in their wisdom, have recently extended the time during which licensed premises may remain open until 9 p.m., instead of 8 o'clock, as theretofore. This simple move for the convenience of the public has greatly distressed the local "totes," and the Secretary of the Southend Branch of the British Temperance League is hurt because his little troupe of performing Pumpuritans were not consulted before the Order was made. And, says this insinuating Secretary, now that the soldiers are back in the Borough, "may we reasonably ask that you should return to the eight o'clock closing time?" It is a clean, charitable mind that considers it "reasonable" to ask for earlier closing because soldiers are about! One good trooper, who has now returned to the front, writes bluntly about the Secretary's letter: "I happened to be home on leave when it was published, but I did not get drunk, even though the houses were open till 9 p.m. It is a slur on soldiers." It is—a sly, nasty, underhanded slur, such as we have unfortunately learned to expect from unbalanced minds, top-heavy with prejudice and over-weighted by self-esteem.

**The Poor Box.**

Ilkeston Magistrates have a way of their own in rewarding zeal, and one we hope no other Justices will copy in a hurry. Constable Stone arrested an absentee soldier from the Leicester Regiment, was complimented for his vigilance and smartness, and was awarded a sum of 10s.—from the poor box. We are not begrudging Stone his half-a-james, but we are counting up how many loaves of bread and ounces of tea that half-sovereign would have provided for hungry ones if expended in the rightful way, for the benefit of the poor. When people give money to the poor box of the police-court, they do so with one idea—it is placed in the hands of the Court for aiding cases of distress, privation and woe. The charitable donors do not intend their cash to form a prize fund for clever constables, and the magistrates responsible for the bestowal of the fund have no right whatever to make away with it in such a purpose. Constable Stone, a zealous officer, probably feels uncomfortable because his reward is robbing several poor wretches of a meal.

**One of the Things we "Dunno."**

We have had occasion before now to refer to a Post Office anomaly which operates unjustly on the general public. It is assumed by most people (who have not always the time to study the bulky *Post Office Guide*) that the payment of twopence and the decoration of a letter by the addition of blue lines, plus the obtaining of a receipt from a postal clerk, will insure the sender against loss of its contents. This is not so, however, the red-tape reservation being that the letter and enclosure must be placed in a linen-lined envelope, purchased from the Post Office; and a reader who has suffered the loss of certain moneys and been refused compensation asks, not without reason, why the authorities register a letter in an ordinary envelope, and what the twopence is for. Perhaps Mr. Samuel will enlighten us?

**Query for Lord Ellesmere.**

In the interests of the coal consumer, we are requested to ask the Earl of Ellesmere whether he is working some of his collieries only four days a week, and if so, why, "at a time when the country is crying out for coal, and men walking about for two days a week?" And we may as well ask the men if, and why, they are walking about two days a week at a time when, etc.? An early answer will oblige.

**Ready August 21st. "John Bull's" Diary of the War. 1s. nett.**

**"Damn the Consequences!"**

At a recent conference, at Swanwick, of the pernicious "Fellowship of Reconciliation," a Dr. Hodgkin—a Quaker—in urging his hearers to adopt and adhere to the policy of non-resistance, advised them to "trust God and damn the consequences." If by trusting God and damning the consequences the pusillanimous Quaker-Doctor meant sitting with folded hands, and a pious expression, while Hell's vilest fiends overran Europe, bayoneting babies, crucifying children, and making young women and maidens the shrieking victims of their loathsome lust, the consequences of trusting God, *and doing nothing else*, would indeed be damnable. Such cowardly cant—which befouls the air of a country whose sons are giving their blood in the sublime cause of liberty, who are losing their lives to save the nation's soul—is offensive alike to God and man. The security and material prosperity enjoyed by the Quaker fraternity to-day have been bought by the life-blood of heroic men, whose principles the Society of Friends denounce. Even their title, the Society of Friends, is a misnomer. On the authority of the Scriptures, no man can do a greater thing than lay down his life for his friend. That is what our gallant, knightly soldiers are doing every hour of the day. But Quakers of the Dr. Hodgkin type, on their own confession, would not even *risk* their lives to save their women's honour. For if the Huns fell upon an unarmed Britain, such trivial incidents as outrage and violation would come unde the heading of consequences to be damned.

**Naughty Boys.**

A couple of small boys at Penryn, in the company of some bigger ones, made a raid on a warehouse and stole three lemons. It was extremely naughty on the part of the little boys, but there was no need for one of the magistrates to recite a long rigmarole about all the recent pilferings in the district, with which the youngsters had nothing to do. Nor had Colonel Gray, of the Territorials, the owner of the lemons, any call to state that the children were well known as "perfect pests." The Chairman, who bound over the boys, cast an unnecessary slur on the parents, describing them as "blameworthy." Having read the evidence, we rather like the parents. They were distressed by their sons' wickedness, and can be depended on to stop it. Mrs. Pinch complained that a man who caught her boy threw him down and beat him. Still, she did her own duty as well, for she gave the little chap another hiding, no tea, and sent him to bed. Mr. Toy, father of the other boy, is a rough-and-ready sort of man, who also objected to his boy being beaten by his captor. "If I'd caught the bloke," he said, "he'd have wanted another piece of paper against me." But he has no delusions about his son, who stayed out very late on the fatal night—the father saying he was afraid to come in because he expected a warming. But his son was no trouble—"he's just like the ordinary boy." We think Mrs. Pinch and Mr. Toy quite competent to manage their little lads and make good men and good citizens of them.

**Women Welshers.**

Some of the good, patriotic women of Criccieth, having reaped a fat harvest through having men billeted on them during the whole winter, decided to clear the Tommies out for the summer, to make room for holiday-folk, at Ritz rates. This mean movement has been nipped in the bud by a general Order to Commanding Officers, which contains the threat that if the Welsh-women put pelf before patriotism the authorities will take immediate steps to fill every available room in Criccieth with soldiers. And Criccieth is intimately connected with Mr. Lloyd George!

**"Sarah Jane."**

A domestic servant in trouble asks for "just a word" on behalf of girls who find themselves with a baby, but no "marriage lines." She thinks that "when the mistresses learn to give fallen girls a chance they may get more satisfaction in their choice," and we do not dispute her view. A girl who has once learned her lesson, through bitter experience, is likely to make a good servant and to attach herself with all her strength to a home where the past is forgiven and where she may find a refuge for the future—besides being able to provide for the bairn who has so awkwardly arrived through no fault of its own. But most mistresses exercise a forbidding spirit of virtue that never overlooks a fault, and take it for granted that a girl, once led astray, can never keep to the right path again. Virtuous themselves, often because they have never had the temptation or the opportunity to be otherwise, they would frown on the fallen one and banish her for ever from decent society. But there are many girls worthy of a second chance who would make good servants, because they wish to be good—though unlicensed—mothers. Bitter is the existence of a girl who must remain in the workhouse with her baby because her character is gone and she cannot get a "place."

**Margate Lights.**

A full bench of Margate Magistrates, with the Mayor in the chair, nearly immortalised themselves the other day. They had before them two cases under the Lighting Order. In one, a "bright naked light" was burning, and the defendant admitted "he had unfortunately taken one or two extra glasses. He lit the gas, forgot it, and went to sleep." The result was a fine of £1, and a pretty little speech about wasting money on drink. In the other case there was no gas, but a man lit a candle while he went to bed, and a lady lit another one which she carried downstairs when she went for some medicine. The defendant said "he was an old non-commissioned officer, who knew the meaning of the words discipline and obedience. He was very sorry the affair had happened." Having given a straightforward and manly explanation, like a soldier, he prepared to receive punishment—and got it. "The Mayor said a fine of £5 would be imposed, the alternative being 21 days' imprisonment." Which proves that, if you show a light in Margate, you will save four pounds if you also take care to get drunk.

**Tobacco for the Front.**

Recently a soldier in France complained to us of the quality of cigarettes reaching troops at the front. Here is an extract from a letter on the same subject, written by a soldier at the Dardanelles: "I think it is disgraceful," says he, "the way people make money out of soldiers. We have just had some tobacco served out. It is rotten stuff; it is mildewed, and I do not believe it is tobacco at all. It smells like musty hay." The soldier gives the name of the tobacco and identifies the manufacturers, and we should not have hesitated for a moment to assure for them adequate advertisement if we had evidence that the stuff had been dispatched as received. Our correspondent is so angry that he says the firm "ought to be strung up"—a startling retribution indeed.

**The Anniversary Badge.**

Don't forget, during this anniversary week, to wear your British citizenship badge—with its proud motto, *Civis Britannicus Sum*; prouder than any old Roman even wore. If you have not already got one, you can get it by sending a shilling postal order to "John Bull's Store," Brownlow House, 50, High Holborn, London, W.C.

**A message from our fighting men, "Please send me a 'John Bull' Pen."**

# THE DEVIL'S BIRTHDAY.

## THE NEW FESTIVAL OF AUGUST 4th—HOW TO CELEBRATE IT.

This day—August 4th—is the Devil's anniversary. It is Devil's Day; "The Day" to which the Germans used to drink—the day of slaughter and rapine; the day of blood and iron; the day of Might *v.* Right—the day of the Devil *versus* God. And in future years we must have a Devil's Day Badge—crossbones and skull, surmounting an iron cross. We have our Holy Days, and Saints' Days—and now we will have Unholy Days and Imp Days, with appropriate festivities. We will burn babies, in effigy; and mutilate women, in effigy; we will erect dummy cathedrals and then set them on fire; the boys shall wear Kaiser masks, and the little girls shall sell Iron Crosses (the proceeds to go to the Festival Fund); and from all our public buildings and private houses shall float the German flag. After all, every dog has his day; why not every Devil? Give the Devil his due. Yes, let him state his own case; or, rather, propound his own gospel. Then we shall understand better the Demon with whom we are grappling—the Beast we have to slay. And we shall better know how appropriately to celebrate his birthday. So listen, please, to this.

### The Devil Speaks.

Here is an official German document, *published under the authority of the Kaiser* and circulated amongst the Hun troops in the field. It is entitled "Fire," which we are blandly reminded is a thing many of us have played with as children. Fire is first a small flame, growing "into a devastating fury of heat. But there is also the fire of joy, of sacred enthusiasm." Then the document proceeds: "This year fires of joy shall flare throughout the length and breadth of Germany, for just one hundred years ago, our country's greatest son, Bismarck, was born. Let us celebrate the event in a manner deep, far reaching and mighty." And what form, think you, is the celebration to take?

"Let every German, man or woman, young or old, find in his heart a pillar of fire—a fire of joy, of holiest enthusiasm. But let it be terrible, unfettered; let it carry horror and destruction! Call it HATE! Let no one come to you with 'Love thine enemy!'" We commend that sentiment to Dr. Lyttelton and the Union of Democratic Control. But to proceed: "We have but one enemy—*England!* . . . *Leave to her the apostles of peace, the 'No-War' disciples.* Our cousins that were! God punish England! May He punish her! This is the greeting that now passes when Germans meet. The fire of this righteous hate is all aglow! . . . Feed the flame that burns in your souls. We have but one war-cry, 'GOD PUNISH ENGLAND'! Hiss this to one another in the trenches, in the charge; hiss it as it were the sound of licking flames." That is the message to the German troops—but there are others.

"You German people at home, feed this fire of HATE! You mothers, engrave this in the heart of the babe at your breast! You thousands of teachers, to whom millions of German children look up with eyes and hearts, teach HATE! unquenchable HATE! You homes of German learning . . . tell the nation that this HATE is not un-German—— You guardians of the truth, feed this sacred HATE! . . . Germany, Germany above all! Let it be inculcated in your children, and it will grow—from generation to generation. You fathers, proclaim it aloud . . . the toiling peasant . . . birds of the forest . . . German cliffs . . . send it reverberating like the clanging of bells from tower to tower throughout the country-side. 'HATE, HATE, the accursed English, HATE!'" And there is more of it. Masters are to carry the word to their workshops; toilers with the axe and hammer and toilers at the plough are to repeat it—dwell on it—*live on it.* And the final passage, printed in large capital letters, is—"GOD PUNISH ENGLAND!"

Now, if that is not the voice of the Devil, then the Devil never spoke. It is the considered opinion and judgment of a Lost People—"possessed of the Devil"—a dangerous, a terrible Devil; and our task is to cast him out. Not for the sake of the vile body which he inhabits, but for the sake of Man—aye, for the sake of God.

### The Devil's Disciple.

And can there be any doubt that the Kaiser is, and has been during these past twelve months, the Devil's willing and docile disciple? We were rather interested the other day in reading the report of an interview with our old friend A. P. Sinnett, the famous Theosophist—and the man who "sees things." After confirming the view we have so frequently expressed that "in the present struggle the enemy we are fighting on the physical plane is fortified by super-physical beings and forces representing the principle of Evil, ranged against beings and forces representing the principle of Good"—and that we may be confident of victory because the "Supreme Divine Power will not permit this world, with all the complicated scheme of evolution connected with it, to be wrecked in any such stupendous catastrophe as the evil powers are trying to bring about," Mr. Sinnett says: "The Kaiser is not fully guilty of the gigantic crimes he is outwardly responsible for. In him the evil forces have found a suitable physical medium."

That exactly expresses it. And now let us see how this "suitable medium" has performed his task. Verily, his master must be pleased with him!

### The Kaiser's Presents.

He dreamt of nothing less than world dominion; he meant to make the whole earth subservient to his personal will—no man on this planet was to have a soul to call his own—and for this he sold himself, body and spirit, to the Devil. We all know the story of Faust, and William of Germany stands to-day the living, moving example of that creation—having mortgaged himself to Hell—the deeds being formally signed and sealed on August 4th, 1914. This is no fancy figure of speech. History teems with records of temptation to mortals to sell

themselves to the King of Evil. You remember that when Christ was taken up on to a high mountain and shown the kingdoms of the world, the Devil said: "All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And the Devil has made just such a bargain with William the Accursed, who has accepted the awful bond. He wanted absolute power, and for power unlimited he was to pay a price that makes the brain reel and the heart sick. But this much must be said for William: so far as in him lay, he has fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter. Never since Hell first spawned devils has a human being walked the earth so leprous with crimes, so foul with dishonour, so black with unmitigated baseness. Well may this be called the Devil's Birthday. On August 4th last year the Father of All Evil was born again in the Kaiser. Let us look at what he has to show his Satanic Master.

### Ravished and Murdered Nuns.

When William's hordes of prepaid assassins swept across poor little Belgium into France, the order had gone forth that all things pure should be defiled. There were Convents which held women who had renounced the world—giving their lives up to holiness. They had foresworn all the joys of earth. No husband's strong protecting arm was to be their protection in time of trouble; never theirs to taste the joy of Love. No baby fingers would ever play amid their heart-strings. They had given themselves as living sacrifices—pure and unspotted. William the Accursed sent his armed ruffians to their sacred home; the doors were battered down, and ribald soldiery tore from their affrighted, helpless guardians, virgin novicios, too, and in the presence of their Holy Mothers dishonoured and violated them—then, in the bestiality, turning upon these dear women themselves before the eyes of girls who had just taken the veil! No one—no place—was sacred Nuns who fled shrieking to God's Altar, claiming sanctuary, were torn down and shamed within the precincts of the Holy of Holies! And those who fought for their chastity were strangled or stabbed! That is one of the stories which William the Damned has to lay before his Master for his birthday!

### The Crushing of Belgium.

Here, too, his handiwork has been good! He has taken peasants and butchered them by rifle-ball and bayonet for no crime at all. "Give them to the shambles," he has cried, "so that we may hack a way to power—though we wade knee-deep in the blood of innocence." Old men who had never done an ill thing in their simple lives were torn from the loving arms of their faithful wives and shot or stabbed—and when the poor women ran with agonised, streaming eyes to the Officers for pity, they were felled to the earth with felon blows and kicked, with German boots, to death. Peaceful village homes were set on fire at night; and when the little children ran from their beds they were tossed on Prussian bayonets, or bashed to pieces by the butts of German rifles. Girls of tender years, fleeing from the flames, were overtaken, dragged to the fields, and ravished; wives were torn from husbands' arms and shamed in their presence and that of their children—held back by William's Imps, who mocked at their madness. Well may the Devil be proud of this birthday!

### The Homicide of Louvain.

At Louvain the Kaiser deliberately ordered the murder of men, women and children in order to "terrorise" the inhabitants; and if the Devil does not remember Louvain, he is indeed an ungrateful Master; for his disciple spared nothing in his maniacal lust. Then he turned his guns on the Cathedral of Rheims, shattering the choicest architectural gem the ages had bequeathed to us—beautiful in its majesty; the masterpiece of the greatest age that builders have known. But beauty and purity offend the Devil's eye—for beauty in terms of stone is prayer petrified; and prayer is hateful to him. Thus William brings this, too, as one of his choicest offerings.

### Other Devilish Devices.

When William threw his troops into Poland his order was, "Give the men to the shambles, but make the women and the girls *mothers*, so that we Germanise Poland." And his Huns have obeyed him!

But the Devil was not satisfied with all the old-time horrors. He had a special pact with William that he should train and equip a band of scientific murderers to invent poisons to slaughter, by suffocation, brave men in the field. And he poured their poison-fumes into the Russian ranks and did them to death in thousands by murder most foul, just as he had murdered gallant French and British soldiers by the same infamous means. In Africa, when battling against the noble Boers, he poisoned the wells from which the people drank.

### His Work Upon the Deep.

Then he built a great navy and manned it with assassins. He sank the *Lusitania* and sent women and children of a neutral nation to the depths of the sea, and gloried in the deed. He has butchered and destroyed on all the highways of the waters—always fighting like a craven cur beneath and never upon the waves. He has reduced sea warfare—once the pride of every martial race—to the level of piracy, plunder, and murder. That, too, is a feather in his cap!

### Commercial Chaos.

Then, too, William-the-Unthinkable has been busy in the world of commerce—disorganising Trade and Industry, and spreading ruin in the land. All of which will assuredly count to him for true "righteousness"—from the Devil's point of view—on this bloody anniversary. Shells have taken the place of ploughs—spears of spades—swords of scythes. The peaceful avocations of mankind have been interrupted that all its energies may be concentrated upon munitions of torture and death. And "Well done, William," will the Devil say.

### Let Us Pray.

And now we, whose hands are clean, and whose consciences are clear, will to-day—August 4th, 1915—repair to London's grand cathedral and pray to the God of Battles—to the God of Right—to deliver the world from this curse. We shall not be there ourselves, for we prefer to pray in private. And *our* prayer will be for the Devil and his Disciple. They will need all God's mercy!

# THE COMING SURPRISE.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE NEARLY LETS OUT THE SECRET.

By A. G. Hales.

A few weeks ago I received some special information of great importance and laid it before Mr. Bottomley, the Editor of this journal—only to find that he, too, knew the facts. It was of the gravest moment, and I have reason to believe that no other editor in Britain had the knowledge. The result of the conference was the appearance in John Bull of an article entitled "Kitchener's Coming Surprise." That article created a tremendous sensation all over these Isles, as the John Bull post-bag proved. It was not idly written; it was not published for the purpose of creating a sensation—though in the House of Commons one or two sapient time-wasters, illogically termed statesmen, have of late made sneering remarks to that effect. There are straightforward pressmen as well as clean politicians in existence—and the other kind also.

### Great Good Done.

At the time the article was published a wave of pessimism was sweeping over the country, lowering the national spirit, checking recruiting and fomenting labour troubles. It was a supremely critical moment in our history. Men were beginning to wag their heads and whisper dolefully of the outlook, instead of cheering each other on to high endeavour; seeds of distrust had been sown broadcast throughout the land, and some of the seed had fallen on congenial soil and taken root. The sowers were never idle; they worked untiringly night and day, and the wretched seed sprang up and swiftly bore fruit. We saw a Member of Parliament rise in his place in the Commons and warn the nation that possible defeat at the hands of Germany lay ahead. Jeremiahs full of weeping and wailing were to be met with everywhere, and the gist of their wailing was, "What *is* Kitchener doing?" Men who ought to have known better, joined the dismal chorus. Bishops became pawns in a political game, and went bleating about the country, making exhibitions of themselves; these men, who had become Bishops by preaching the gospel of peace, had the insufferable impertinence to sit in judgment upon the greatest soldier of the age; they, the men of words, arrogated to themselves the right to cavil at the man of deeds—he treated them with the silent contempt they deserved. Sure of himself, strong in the knowledge that he had done a giant's task like a giant, he looked over their heads and let them bleat—and, silent as a brooding storm, went on preparing his surprise for his country's enemy, *the surprise which Mr. Lloyd George hinted at so plainly last week.* Permit me to say in answer now to a host of insults through the post, that one section of that surprise was brought to me even before it was taken to Mr. Lloyd George. We had asked in the columns of John Bull for greater assistance for brainy British inventors at the hands of the Government—and the Inventions Bureau was the outcome. An unknown inventor, reading that article, laid his idea before me, and I advised him to get it into Lloyd George's hands at once. He did so, and though his invention will add to the happiness of the world, it will *not* add to the gaiety of Germany. Heart up, Britons! for the day of our triumph is not afar off. We may not finish the war as soon as we would like to, but the German wild boar will get his death-wound this side of Christmas, and his tusks will never again rip open the peace of the world. We are going to put him in his place for all time, please God. When anyone tells you Kitchener neglected shells of *the right sort*, look in his face and laugh; then tell him to lace his boots up with his whiskers and look at the world through his feet. Have pluck and faith and hope. You've got the biggest-brained soldier on earth at the head of affairs—a man great in organisation, but greater as a leader in the field—and it won't be long before you may have the cleverest politician in Britain back in Parliament at the head of a Business Government.

### What Lloyd George Says.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George may have been a square peg in a round hole, but as Minister of Munitions he's a man and a half and a bit over. He is energy personified, a perfect tornado in trousers, and he's keeping his staff scratching. Parliament may have six weeks' holiday—I don't think he will have six hours. It's a good thing Parliament *is* going to be idle during the next six weeks, for Parliament gives away more dangerous secrets in one session than all the war correspondents that ever lived have given away in a lifetime, and we don't want them working for Germany at St. Stephen's during August and September. Mr. Lloyd George was in a hard-hitting humour on Wednesday. Amongst other things, he said: "*They had reserved a good deal of the available shell power for a special programme they were about to develop.*" Now you see what I was hinting at when Mr. Bottomley permitted me to publish the article "Kitchener's Coming Surprise." You watch John Bull for the next month or two. Push it down the throats of the croakers; mail it to every man you know who has cold feet. For John Bull is the best tonic in the country. Sledge-hammer blows are going to be struck, and thank God the British sledge-hammer will be in the hands of a giant who will make the anvil ring.

### Big Efforts Needed.

Let every personal hatchet be buried from to-day; let envy, hatred and all uncharitableness be sunk fathoms deep. The nation's soul is awake; recruits are pouring in; money is coming like a flood; a dead year lies behind us; the day is breaking, and soon we shall see Liberty, blushing like a bride, towering in all her pride above the ruins of Teutonic tyranny. But we have got to fight fiercely and work hard; we have to make a supreme effort, for the flood is at the full. We cannot win with folded hands; we shall delay victory if we snarl and bicker amongst ourselves. Let us draw a pall over the dead year, and face the new with splendid confidence, energy and pluck; for now, if ever, Britons should nail self-interest to the cross, and bravely and serenely bear each other's burdens. Do not imagine for a moment that the foe will yield easily under pressure; he will fight like a mad beast, for he is fighting with a halter round his neck, and he knows it. Our soldiers and sailors will have to fight as men never fought before; each man must put his trust in the mercy of the Living God, and keep his bayonet razor-edged. Workmen must forget all shibboleths and make every muscle tell its tale; our women, rich and poor, gentle and simple, have been superb in the past—they must go on being great. The red rain has got to flow from hero veins as in all our history it has never flowed. Hearten up, Britons! The day is dawning—the watchman is at the gate. A few weeks and we shall see—what we shall see.

## TRAITORS IN OUR MIDST.

### MOUTHS THAT SHOULD BE FORCIBLY CLOSED.

In its frantic efforts to stampede neutral opinion in the United States, the German-American press has eagerly seized upon the utterances of a few irresponsible pacifists in this country, whose vapourings are artfully presented as typical of British public opinion. In a recent pamphlet, "England on the Witness Stand," prominence is given to the unedifying wrangle between certain newspapers, while columns of the mis-named *Labour Leader* enjoy the courtesy of verbatim quotation. In addition, there are articles or reprinted addresses by Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald and E. D. Morel, of the Union of Democratic Control, while an out-of-date parliamentary speech of Mr. Philip Snowden's is somewhat forcibly wrested to the German editorial purpose. Of the remaining contributors to this flagrant symposium of disloyalty there is little to be said, save to point out that, at a distance from these shores, the impression created by treasonable utterances bears little relation to the obscurity of their origin. Dignified by good type and glazed paper, the trumpery sentimentality of a Fenner Brockway or a Clifford Allen may as readily gain the attention of some American readers as the considered pronouncements of any responsible exponent of British opinion. To the average reader of these lines, it is perhaps necessary to explain that Mr. Clifford Allen is the Editor of the Socialist *New Statesman*, a weekly review which, with ill-concealed impatience, awaits its opportunity for the institution of a peace campaign. In moments of exaltation, Mr. Allen flings restraint to the winds, as witness the following extract from a recent speech reprinted in the egregious booklet under review :—

> The international spirit must lead us to prevent the annihilation and dismemberment of Germany, should she be beaten. Her spirit of splendid vigour has produced the sternest philosophy, the most virile art, the most scornful literature, and some of the greatest scientific discoveries of the world. . . . This great national spirit must be preserved for Germany whatever she may suffer in her quite natural, but second-hand Imperial ambitions. Her remarkable organising ability must be used for its rightful purpose. We Socialists must sit at her feet and learn the lesson of discipline and constancy.

The lesson of "discipline and constancy" might perhaps be more readily learned at close hand—say in the British firing line—than in the cowardly security of our well-defended shores. But, seriously, was there ever a more wanton outburst of traitorous speech? Among the "scientific discoveries" of Germany to be envied and admired, Mr. Allen would perhaps include the poison gas of the Huns in Flanders and the skilful befouling of the wells in German South-West Africa, while further, for instances of her "stern philosophy," he would, doubtless, turn to stricken Belgium, finding there a rich field for his grovelling homage to the "splendid vigour" of the foe. Mr. Clifford Allen's contribution covers some ten pages of this precious pamphlet, a similar space being allotted to the report of an address delivered to the Manchester Fabian Society by Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, unknown to fame as the Editor of the *Manchester Labour Leader*. Though lacking the cynical frankness of speech which marks the utterances of his professional colleague, Mr. Brockway is equally contemptuous of the motives which have induced Great Britain to embark upon this righteous war. Against British Ministers in general and Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in particular, he levels wholesale charges of deceit and falsehood. Thus :—

> It is impossible for me to overlook the fact that the foreign policy of the British Government cannot be acquitted of its share of responsibility for occasioning the war, nor can I suppress the voice within which says that had that policy been different the war and the consequent devastation of Belgium might have been averted. If this is to be the last war, it must conclude not only in the overthrow of German militarism; it must conclude with the determination to end for ever the dishonest and secret diplomacy of the British Foreign Office.

How long are we going to tolerate these traitors in our midst?

## "PURITY" PIFFLE.

### HOW TO ANNOY OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The Alliance of Honour has for its objects, "To impress upon men and youths the necessity of leading pure lives; to unite them in a world-wide effort on behalf of Purity and a chivalrous respect for womanhood; and to promote the welfare of young men by the circulation of literature and the delivery of addresses with a view to counteracting the manifold temptations to impurity of thought, word and deed." This absurd programme actually fetched £6,372 from the pockets of cranks or fools during twelve months. The "stipends" of two "Joint Acting Directors" and wages of the staff took £1,434; for "Literature and magazine account." £1,659 was commandeered; meetings, including one at the Royal Albert Hall, swallowed up £1,163—and £66 went for evening teas at Headquarters! We acknowledge, however, that there is no reference to any expenditure for morning liveners. It may be asked what else the subscribers got for their money. Well, there is "a very large amount of special Purity literature being distributed amongst the troops and the men of the Grand Fleet." We do not know what the men do with this precious "literature" when it reaches them. But we do think it impertinent for a pack of purity-pushers to pester the men with nauseating twaddle, insinuating suggestions about their wickedness and advising them to be good. The moment a man puts on uniform he is made a mark of by every bigoted, self-righteous snob with plenty of mean thoughts but no back-bone.

The Alliance of Honour intends to "Warn the youth of the land of the evils of Impurity." It will "supply hundreds of thousands of pamphlets." We have one before us, and its central statement, starred in a red ink border, is this: "The latest statistics available (year 1913) give the disquieting returns for England and Wales of 37,909 births of children by unmarried mothers!" And, in thicker type, it continues, "We needs must be up and doing." We fail to see that the figures prove any such necessity.

The booklet we examine is entitled "Honour." It contains notes about "Immoral Plays," and illegitimate children; speeches on purity, impurity, temptation, fornication, adulterers and disease; an article on continence, prayers, reports—and a subscription list. This stuff strikes us as revolting to a clean and healthy mind, and we should strongly object to give away any booklet of the kind. We should prefer to burn it. And if we did, in a weak moment, bestow a copy on some soldier, we should hesitate to "keep in touch" with him—as requested—for fear he should keep in touch with us by punching our head.

## MR. BOTTOMLEY'S CRUSADES.

*(From the "Sunday Pictorial," July 25th, 1915.)*

"Mr. Stewart Chamberlain, the ex-English German, lamented the other day that Germany did not possess a MAN. He wants, we presume, something sculptured to the Nietzschean idea, a German demi-god, if there is one on hand. German statesmen, he thinks, are a poor lot. They are 'mere men.'

"Although we are not short of leaders of men we do not sufficiently employ them. Take the case of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, whose tonicsome utterances give inspiration and comfort to the most lugubrious souls. Mr. Bottomley exercises an enormous influence with his pen and voice. Are recruits wanted? He gets them. Is there a strike to settle? He can pour oil on the troubled waters. Is there a cause to plead? He pleads it successfully.

"His crusade for a 'Business Government' is well remembered. Its fruits are now to be observed in new committees appointed to get things done. Yet his great talents are mostly exercised 'unofficially.' There is much more work that Mr. Bottomley could do. He is a force in the State. His services should be utilised more and more by the Government."

**Fill in the coupon on page ii of cover.**

## A MAN OF MANY ALIASES.

### "REGISTER" REVELATIONS AND A SEVENFOLD ENTITY.

The juggler who manipulates several articles simultaneously, keeping three or four balls in the air at the same time, is a clever man; but there must be a streak of genius in a man who is seven men at once. It has been done, and done thoroughly, by—well, we scarcely know what to call him—but let us say, by William Ernest Trelawney Irving (which may be his real name), of Lock Cottage, Bourne End; who is also Francis Murray Grant, of 120, Bishop's Road, Fulham, Turf Commission Agent; A. Harrison Ford, 211, Piccadilly, Secretary of the Turf Register; Harrison Ford and Co., Debt Collectors, Detectives, and Investigators; Henry Newton, Flat 1, 6, Powis Square, Bayswater; G. Scott, Bishop's Road, Fulham; and John Buxton, 16, Tottenham Court Road, Bookmaker. How many more personages are rolled into this remarkable one is a matter of conjecture, but for practical purposes he was Mr. Newton, and in that character he controlled his multifarious enterprises.

#### Checking the Register.

One of his biggest and most imposing stunts was the "Turf Register," a society declaring itself as "registered in 1902" for the protection of bookmakers. But where or how "The Turf Register (Registered)" was registered is an affair of much mystery, for it is not registered as a limited company, a friendly society, a newspaper, or as a copyright or trade-mark. Perhaps, as it styled itself a "Register," it registered itself. What it purported to do was to collect debts from defaulting punters, and to provide and publish a list of backers who back out of their liabilities. The subscription was three guineas annually, and the secretary was A. Harrison Ford. He was a prolific and cunning correspondent. He wrote to bookmakers cajoling them to join, he dunned their unsatisfactory clients unmercifully, threatening them with "registration"—in the Register; and he wrote to solicitors offering to "trace people, shadow people in order to collect evidence for divorce, and undertake investigations in cases where great tact and resource are necessary." The man of tact and resource was "A. Harrison Ford, Detective."

As we have said, he was also F. M. Grant, Turf Commission Agent, "Member of The Turf Register." His book of terms quotes this puff: "We find, after exhaustive inquiry, that any business entrusted to him will be in perfectly safe hands.—*Who's Who.*" The authority given is not, of course, Messrs. Black's well-known publication, but a threepenny booklet, otherwise entitled "Hints to Backers." And we find in it a black list, headed "Some More Wrong 'uns," describing bad bookmakers "pilloried in our last three editions . . . all thieves of the deepest dye." We read the list of pilloried gentry, to discover in it the name of "Frank Grant, 7, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C., and The Hague." Mr. Frank Grant and Mr. F. M. Grant are one and the same person!

#### *Seven* "Single Gentlemen Rolled Into One."

As Grant is Grant, so is Grant Ford, and so is Ford the "Turf Register." When a member of the Register innocently referred to it a claim against, or a dispute with, Grant, it was dealt with by Ford. And when a confiding backer applied to the Register—that most honourable concern—for the name of an honourable bookie, what more honourable person could be recommended than Grant—unless it were Buxton—or perhaps Scott—or Graham? "What a game!"—while it lasted.

The "Turf Register" seems to have left Piccadilly, migrating first to 145, Oxford Street, and thence to the quiet backwaters of 6, Powis Square. There, the whole bag of tricks discreetly disappears from human ken. A call at flat 1, the aforetime "private office," revealed the name of a lady over the bell. But there was "nobody in." And a call on the telephone produced the reply, "Temporarily disconnected," which also seems to describe the business activities of the multiple man, Ford—Grant—etc. The poet wrote "We are Seven," but Newton is seven in himself, and more—a chevalier of industry remarkable even in the weird kaleidoscope of London life.

## A RECTOR'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

### MOTHER'S PROTEST AGAINST WORDS OF BIGOTRY.

Clergymen are sometimes bigoted, but are seldom as thoughtless in their writings as the Rev. F. C. A. Young, Rector of Pett, Sussex. He chides his parishioners in his "Parish Magazine," but surely he did not weigh the effect of his words before putting them into print. Says he, "The relations of those on Active Service do not realise the need of praying for them at an Intercession Service; perhaps they would like the names taken off the list or Roll of Honour." It is a wantonly unfeeling threat, that about the Roll of Honour, and the whole tone of the tirade is out of keeping with the position of a Minister of the Gospel and as "Your faithful friend and Rector."

One parishioner of Pett is a mother of heroes, and she has spoken up like a brave woman. She has suffered distress and anxiety, for, she says, she has "one son in the trenches with the Royal Sussex and another a leading seaman on a mine-sweeper, and my feelings have not been improved by reading such things as this. I am afraid it is the old trouble. I belong to the Wesleyan Church, and do not go to the Village Church." And she adds, after pointing out that the Rector has put the names of her two sons on his Roll of Honour, "Does Mr. Young really think mothers do not pray for their sons except in his Church?" The question is unanswerable, and the Rector may shrink ashamed in the light of this woman's simple faith.

There is a little to be added. The Rector of Pett hinted at the removal of some names from his Roll of Honour. The mother who spoke up for her two boys has since heard from the Admiralty that one of the sons of whom she was so proud, the "leading seaman on a mine-sweeper," has been killed at his duty, blown up "somewhere at sea." His mother and his widow know now that the Roll at Pett Church no longer concerns that gallant son, for his name is inscribed on a Roll of Honour deathless, and far nobler.

## A DANGER SPOT.

### THE TALE OF A GOLD COAST MISSION.

A Gold Coast reader informs us that the Basel Mission Factory, established in West Africa, is "a firm which, while carrying on the usual native trade in produce, runs the soul-saving business as a side-line," and he forwards for our inspection the Basel Mission Almanack for the current year. This publication, though devoid of commercial significance, is not without its points of interest. In the first place we are invited to gaze upon the fleshly likeness of three former Apostles of the Faith who, before their translation to serener realms, were actively associated with the work of the Basel Evangelistical Missionary Society. *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*—and to the shades of the Revs. L. Ebert, Fritz Ramsayer and Elias Schrenk we murmur a fervent *requiescant in pace*. Our concern is with the living, and we are much interested in the authorised list of Agents of the Basel Mission on the Gold Coast, including "ordained ministers," "catechists," and "employés of the Basel Mission Factory." We append a brief selection of names:—

| | |
|---|---|
| G. Zürcher, | C. Huppenbauer, |
| F. Engmann, | A. Kirchner, |
| E. Maissburger, | G. Zimmerman, |
| E. Pflüger, | C. Fleischer, |
| L. Richter, | M. Feldmann, |
| T. Müller, | W. Evhardt. |

It seems that at the outbreak of war, a few of the Basel Missioners who pleaded guilty to German nationality were deported from the Gold Coast, others being interned locally, and afterwards released upon a plea of Swiss origin. Our informant states, however, that "in ante-war times, it was generally known that all the European employés of the Mission were Germans, including the Missionary staff." If this is, in fact, the case it is obvious that the British authorities upon the Gold Coast have been sadly befooled, and we venture to suggest that they should immediately overhaul the position.

**"John Bull's" Diary of the War will settle all disputes.**

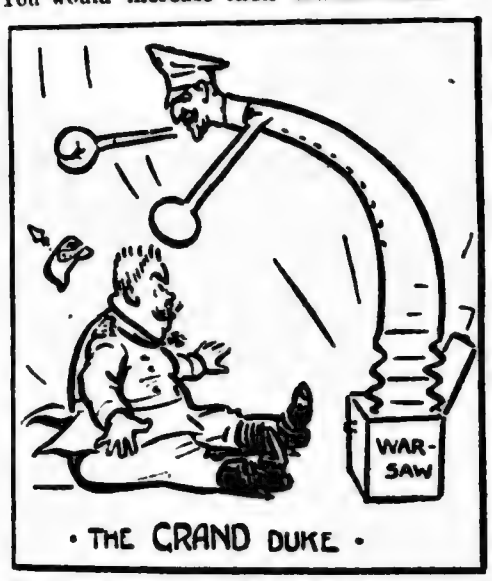
# "JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

**BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."**

Trade Unionists, someone has said,
Cannot be "druv," but can be led;
Lead them, but do not pull, unless
You would increase their stubbornness.

"Notorious and melancholy"
Are Asquith's terms for Northcliffe's "folly,"
The *Daily Mail* comes up to scratch.
Result—a pretty slanging match.

Henceforth let jurors all beware,
And not forget why they are there:
Not to express their own opinions,
But act the part of Ridley's minions.




Von Hindenburg, to his disgust,
Has been arrested in his thrust:
He thought the Russian's hopes he'd slain,
Yet up jumped Nicholas again!

The tramp observes, with envious gaze,
The M.P. on his holidays,
Who, while he slumbers, cool and sleek,
Still draws his eight bright quids a week!

The latest plan of Oscar Asche
Some people think is rather rash;
Nay, some the very thought appals
Of Shakespeare on the music halls!

## PUNISHING PATRIOTISM.

### CAN THEY BE BRITISH?

A member of Kitchener's Army, formerly in the service of Messrs. Henry Lindenmeyer and Sons, of the London Paper Warehouse, Upper Thames Street, explains that, having resolved to enlist, he left his employment without warning, "knowing only too well that his employer would not have taken a week's notice." Be this as it may, we are quite unable to appreciate the attitude which Messrs. Lindenmeyer and Sons have since seen fit to adopt. The Managing Director, on June 30th last—by which date our friend had joined the Colours—indulged in threats of the meanest kind. For example:

> We again request your appearance here, and would point out that unless we hear from you by return we intend to write to the house agent who requested a reference from us on June 22nd, and advise him of these circumstances also. It will depend how far we intend going into this matter, and what it is you are doing.

The recruit addressed several letters to the firm, and on July 12th Messrs. Lindenmeyer and Sons could no longer plead ignorance of his movements; but the knowledge that he had answered the call of patriotism seems in no way to have modified their truculent attitude. By this time they had formulated a demand for a week's wages in lieu of notice, which they were not ashamed to enforce by a threat "to bring the matter to the notice of the Army authorities." We trust, however, that this publicity may satisfy their passion for disclosure.

## A YEAR AGO.

"A year ago I went to war,"
  Said Wilhelm Two, the Kaiser,
"But if I had kept out of it,
  Perhaps I had been wiser;
For all my schemes gang aft agley,
  My luck has clean skedaddled,
The plot I laid for victory
  Won't hatch, because it's addled!

"My kultured friend, the Turk, at me
  Would now turn up his nose if
He only dared; so would my chum
  The Emperor Francis Joseph;
Blest is the man who keeps his friends
  And has the luck to own some—
Both mine would dearly love to bolt
  And leave me on my lonesome.

"I've pulled the world about mine ears,
  And now I'm wondering whether,
Like Humpty Dumpty, ne'er again
  Can it be stuck together.
A year ago—and who for war
  And conquest could be keener?
But now I'm thinking—shall I like
  The air at St. Helena?"

RICHARD MORTON.

**Have you won a "Bullet" prize? See page iii. of cover.**

## JUDGE AND JURY.

### IS A JUDICIAL *IPSE DIXIT* TO OVER-RIDE THE LAW?

We really think the Editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* was a little too abject in his apologies to Judge Rentoul for the comments he made on an incident which occurred in the Central Criminal Court. Let us look at the incident first. On being required to take the oath a juror claimed to affirm, on the ground that he had "no religious belief," whereupon Mr. Muir, counsel for the prosecution, challenged him with the preposterous statement that "a man with such views ought not to be allowed to try a serious case," and Judge Rentoul assenting, the would-be juryman was discharged. The comment of the *Jewish Chronicle* is none of our funeral, and we shall not trouble to resurrect it for autopsy; all we are concerned with is the statement of the Judge that "such incidents happen in our courts constantly."

#### But *Bull*-Dogs will Bark.

Now it is unfortunately the habit of many judges and most Crown counsel to assume a pontifical air, presumably on the self-assumption that they have more knowledge, more wisdom, more virtue, and more religion than anybody else can possibly possess. This being so, both Judge Rentoul and Mr. Muir will probably feel horribly shocked at what we are about to say to them. To Judge Rentoul we say that if such incidents constantly happen in the Courts, it is a shame that they do happen; and to Mr. Muir we say that if the observation he made is justified, then the Oaths Act is not worth the material on which it is written. And who is Mr. Muir that he should arrogate to himself the right of saying, representing the Crown, that a man ought not to be allowed to try a serious case because he has "no religious belief"? We might with as little justification say that a lawyer ought not to be allowed to conduct a case for the Crown, or for the defence, in the Courts if he has "no religious belief," whereas lawyers as a class do not care which side they are on as long as they are hired for one side or another at an adequate fee. Is Mr. Muir in his capacity of Crown counsel above Parliament? We do not dispute that Crown counsel may not challenge a juror on reasonable grounds; what we dispute is counsel's right to challenge him, and, by the pliant acquiescence of the judge, deny to him his statutory sanction of "affirming," and therefore his statutory authority to exercise his functions as an English citizen.

#### Flouting the Law.

What otherwise is the point of value of the statute? No doubt, prior to 1869 persons who acknowledged they were "without religious belief" could not be sworn and could not affirm in courts of justice, but what about the statute 51 and 52 Vict., chap. 46, providing that every person upon objecting to be sworn and stating as the ground of such objection either that he has "no religious belief" or that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief, shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes where an oath is and shall be required by law, which affirmation shall be of the same force and effect as if he had taken the oath? In the face of that statute, which allows a juryman to affirm and says his affirmation shall have all legal force and effect, whence the authority of Mr. Muir in his capacity of Crown advocate, and Mr. Rentoul in his capacity as Judge, to arrange between them to shut him out of the jury box because he wants to affirm, and add insult to injury by the assertion that "a man of such views ought not to be allowed to try a serious case"? Surely that is not only illegal, but unjust; not only impudent, but audacious. What the religious views of this stodgy, ponderous Scottish lawyer may be we neither know nor care, but even if he were a Mohammedan, or a Parsee, or a Hard-Shell Baptist, or a Latter-Day Saint, or a Seventh-Day Adventist, or a Nothingarian, it would be difficult to imagine him refusing a brief on the holy ground that a man of such views ought not to be allowed to appear as Crown counsel in a serious case. And "such incidents happen in the courts constantly," says Judge Rentoul. What fools we mortals be to let them!

## A FEROCIOUS FARMER.

### LYNCH LAW IN COUNTY DURHAM.

From a cursory glance at the form of summons employed by the police authorities of Houghton-le-Spring, it is hard to tell with what particular offence a culprit is charged. The appropriate words for drunkenness, brawling, assault and battery, and malicious damage, are all printed upon the one sheet, superfluous clauses being cancelled with a stroke of the pen. It was this fearsome document, with its terrifying catalogue of adult crime, which was lately served upon a girl of 11, who was charged, in picturesque phrase, that she "did unlawfully and wilfully commit damage, injury and spoil to and upon certain grass and herbage," the property of John Thomas Peacock, of Newport Farm, Silksworth, in the County of Durham, "to an amount not exceeding £20." In point of fact, the "damage" seems to have been well within this sum, having been assessed by the farmer himself at the sum of sixpence. To a Juvenile Court at Houghton-le-Spring the prosecutor explained that, finding the defendant and two other children in his field, he had communicated with the police officer, requesting him to arrest the youngsters and bring them up to the farmhouse. He had then offered to accept 2s. from each of them in respect of the alleged damage to his grass, failing which he would prosecute. Two of them paid, but defendant did not. In point of fact, there had, of course, been no "wilful damage" of any sort or kind, the children, on their way home from a cricket match, having merely slipped into the field through an inviting gap in the hedge, to rest themselves for a while upon the grass. The "spoil and injury" alleged was purely a legal fiction, nor was it explained why the farmer had demanded, and in two instances obtained, 2s. for "damage" which he afterwards assessed at a quarter of that sum. Upon the facts of the case, the Magistrates had no hesitation in dismissing the frivolous charge, but they seem to have viewed the conduct of the farmer with a measure of equanimity which we are unable to share. By what right Mr. John Thomas Peacock turns his farmhouse into a Court of pains and penalties, and there extracts fines from trespassers upon his domain, we are at a loss to discover; nor do we appreciate the laxity of control which permits an officer of police to become the instrument of private injustice. From evidence in our possession, however, it is clear that the instance before us is by no means an isolated one, although we venture to hope it will be the last of its kind.

## "INTELLIGENCE"!

### SON OF KRUPP'S AGENT ON BRITISH WAR STAFF.

The latest exploit of the War Office to be brought to light is, we are afraid, characteristic of so many others perpetrated by this archaic department—it actually brought over from India, to be Director of Intelligence at the seat of war in France, a son of Krupp's London Agent, an officer with a Germhun name, which he had changed to Blacker, and who, by nature of his position, had complete knowledge of the movement of British troops! Next to giving the command of the British Navy to a son of von Tirpitz or the command of one of our arsenals to a son of Krupp, could anything more fatuous be imagined? There was no reason why we should mistrust him, says Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, though he had been recalled. Was such stark, staring, blithering innocence ever before heard of? It is not sufficient that everywhere in this holy and hospitable land you run up against a Germhun, Hun-born, of Teutonic descent, naturalised or unnaturalised; the Government actually goes to India in search of one to run its Intelligence Department at the Front, and selects of all possible and impossible Germhuns or Germhun-Britons as that one—the son of the Germhun Agent of the dearly beloved Krupp! We would not criticise that appointment for worlds; in fact, now we come to think of it, it is just like our impudence to allude to it at all. We apologise. There are such a lot of wags in the Government.

**The "John Bull" Pen is a treasure. See page ii of cover.**

# The Best Gift

for your sick or wounded friend is a bottle of Hall's Wine. It hastens the return of vigorous health and strength in the most wonderful way, it never fails, and its good effects are *lasting*.

**A Wounded Driver:**

"The doctor said I could not take anything better than Hall's Wine, to help me to regain my strength. I cannot speak too highly of the benefit I have derived from it."

Driver No. 383. R.G.A.

**A Lance-Corporal:**

"I was wounded in seven places, and my nerves were in a shocking state, but I have greatly benefited by using only half a bottle of Hall's Wine."

H. W., Plumstead Common.

A doctor has declared Hall's Wine is the most dependable restorative we have.

# Hall's Wine

**THE SUPREME WAR TONIC**

**GUARANTEE.**—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return the half empty bottle, and we will at once refund your outlay.

*Large 3/6; smaller 2/-. Sold Everywhere.*

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# Milkmaid Cocoa

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**COCOA: MILK-MADE**

**—in a moment.**

Finest cocoa, purest dairy milk and refined sugar combined in correct proportions in 4d. and 7½d. tins. "Just as nourishing and refreshing hot or cold."

*If any difficulty, send 2d. and name of grocer for sample, to*

**MILKMAID BRAND, D.P. DEPOT, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.**

**DETAILS OF A PROCESS**

WHICH WILL MAKE YOUR OLD SUIT OR COSTUME

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TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.

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LONDON'S LEADING VALETRY BUSINESS.

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*If your Suit, Overcoat or Costume is worn, shabby, shiny, threadbare, and generally looks "done," we will make it new again for 3/3. This is what we do:* remove every grease spot—take dust from the fibres of the cloth—clean by a special process—mend torn or frayed parts—replace missing buttons, and finally "tailor-press." We collect and deliver free within 12 miles of Charing Cross, or pay carriage for country customers one way. Write for interesting booklet—also price list. Send p.c. to call or 'Phone North 260.

# When the Kettle begins to Sing

have Lipton's Tea ready in the teapot, and *the very moment the water is thoroughly boiling make the tea.* That's the way they test the tea at Lipton's.

But if you "overboil" the water you will lose some of the delicious "sparkle" of this famous tea.

Lipton's Tea yields a clear and brilliant infusion, free from dust, exquisite in flavour, superb in aroma. Lipton's *own* thousands of acres of the finest tea-gardens in the world, and, just as you would expect, they are able to give you better value and better tea.

# LIPTON'S TEA

## 2/- per lb.

*"If you want the best tea —go to the firm that grows it."*

These two spoons contain the same amount of tea, but the one that contains *Lipton's* will make much more tea than the other. Lipton's is a perfect combination of strength and flavour—the best tea and the best bargain.

*You can purchase a sample ¼ lb. at any of Lipton's branches or agents. Or post free on receipt of 6d. in stamps, from Lipton, Ltd., City Road, London.*

**LIPTON, LTD.**

## CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

*[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]*

**To Field-Marshal Sir John French, O.M.**

Dear Sir John,—A year has elapsed since you set out for France upon the greatest military enterprise ever undertaken by a British soldier, and I cannot let the day of anniversary pass without a word of cordial greeting to you and to the gallant troops whom you command. The full story of the British operations in France and Flanders has yet to be written, but we know enough to evoke our whole-hearted admiration and to inspire us with the warmest gratitude. Eagerly, but with patience, we await the day when a vigorous offensive shall once more fall to the Western Allies. Meanwhile we retain undiminished confidence in your leadership and in your gallant troops. John Bull.

**To Mr. Justice Ridley, Royal Courts of Justice, London.**

My Lord,—This is not my first Open Letter to you, is it? But I am constrained to write again. When the other day the foreman of a jury of your Court courageously expressed the view of himself and some of his colleagues that your conduct in the case constituted a travesty of justice, he was expressing an opinion to which hardly anybody will take an exception. It is no credit and no adornment to the English Bench that a Judge without attainments in law, without dignity in deportment, and without control in temper should bring to his duties the frequent querulousness of an old woman and the bilious acidities of an old man. Judges are appointed for life, and it is, I think, matter for regret that Parliament does not exercise a disciplinary authority over them—especially when they make an indecent spectacle of their functions by exhibitions of judicial infirmity. In these days the Judiciary is particularly strong, and there is no room for the aggressive vanities of mediocrity and the offensive acrimonies of a constitutional gall. If you *will* remain on the Bench, just study the methods of your colleagues—who, almost without exception, display a charm of courtesy which adds lustre to their learning, and a virtue of patience which guides to sure judgment their sagacity. And always remember that you owe your present position to the fact that you were a Home Secretary's brother—and nothing more; and a wiser man would have constantly striven to hide his unfitness by a judicious—if not a judicial—demeanour. Let me beg of you, in your own interest, and for the credit of the Bench, to retire to some cloistered spot and devote your remaining years of senility to a renewal of those studies which—in days of vaster leisure—conjured your translation of that notable epic of a silver age, the *Pharsalia*. May I say good-bye? John Bull.

**To the Right Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P.**

Dear Sir Henry,—You have had your fair share of the limelight during the past few months—and no mistake! If the poor old Party system weren't as dead as mutton, we might almost regard you as the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, except that your criticism of the Government is inspired by loyalty to the national cause, rather than by the impulses of faction strife. To those of us who knew your brilliant parliamentary gifts, your advance to the centre of the stage has occasioned no surprise, nor do we doubt your complete sincerity of purpose. I warmly congratulate you upon the part you have played in this crisis of the Empire's fate; and I shall keep my eye on you for my Business Government.
John Bull.

**To Messrs. W. A. Albright and H. L. Wilson, Chairman and Director of Messrs. Albright and Wilson, Birmingham.**

Gentlemen,—In regard to the notice posted up in your works that you have resigned from the Directorship of the Company "for the time being" as a result of "the demand of the Government for the supply of munitions of war," am I right in assuming that you are resigning your profits for the "time being" period also? Excuse this inquisitiveness. John Bull.

**To the Right Rev. Edward Lee Hicks, D.D., Lord Bishop of Lincoln, Old Palace, Lincoln.**

My Lord Bishop,—More than twelve months ago I was moved to address you concerning a pitiful occurrence at the Church of Waddingham, Kirton-Lindsey. You had inhibited the Rector, for neglect of duty, and there was great trouble then in connection with the burial of an infant. I begged you to give the matter your attention. I regret now to be called on to bring to your notice one more grievous incident, which occurred on the 15th of July. It is again the matter of a funeral, a ceremony saddening to all when decently and properly conducted, but deeply distressing to mourners and onlookers when some oversight or failure in duty results in confusion, complaint, and even anger. Due notice had been given, and all preliminary arrangements made, but at the appointed hour there was no minister. The mourners, with their dead, waited in the road for a considerable time, and were finally obliged to send a messenger to a neighbouring village; and it was nearly an hour before a clergyman arrived and the sacred ceremony proceeded. In Waddingham, my Lord, there is a very deep feeling of real distress and pain that these things should happen. It is not for me to apportion the blame. You, I trust, will do that, and will also allot the punishment. For until such wrongs are righted and steps taken to prevent their recurrence, there must remain a stigma upon the Church of which you are so distinguished an ornament. John Bull.

**To Horace Marshall, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Leeds.**

My Dear Sir,—Somebody in the Town Clerk's Office in your famous city was seeking an occupation for his idle hands to do, so he secured the issue of six summonses against a firm of contractors for not giving its men their usual half-holiday. A technical offence was committed. On one occasion only have the hands of the firm gone without their half-day, and they would have enjoyed their rest time in the customary way but for the receipt of a telegram from the War Office intimating the arrival in Yorkshire of a battalion of troops from Scotland, and that, after fifteen hours in the train, the hungry chaps would be without food unless the firm set to work and did the needful. So the workpeople were at once asked for their assistance. It was whole-heartedly given, and ten tons of fresh provisions were despatched as a Yorkshire welcome to the lads of bonnie Scotland. To effect this, the willing workmen gave up part of their half-day, leaving at 4 o'clock instead of 1.30. And then some meddling, muddlesome police "head"—swelled I should imagine—first made inquiries and then launched his six silly summonses. The defendant was proud to be "guilty," and you, sir, as magistrate, were obliged to admit the Act had been infringed, but you said that was no justification for the summonses, and you promptly dismissed them under the Probation Act. And then a gentleman from the Town Clerk's Office asked for costs! No wonder you were surprised. "For you—or against you?" you inquired. And the gentleman said, "For me." I like the tone of your final squelcher: "For you! Certainly not." Pettifogging fooling in the name of the law was sweetly snubbed. I learn, without surprise, that you are greatly respected by the citizens of Leeds. Permit me, on this occasion, to thank you on behalf of an even wider public. John Bull.

**To the Mayor of Faversham.**

Your Worship,—I was pleased to read your spirited rebuke to the Royal Commission on Public Records, who it appears—notwithstanding the fact that we are engaged in the most tremendous conflict ever waged—are still sitting and grubbing amongst the dusty archives of ancient towns as if nothing untoward was happening. They wrote asking if your Borough had certain records in its possession. Supported by your Council, you declined to ask the Town Clerk and his staff to spend their time in searching, until after the war. I therefore take it that your worshipful self, your Council, the Town Clerk, and his staff, are all busily engaged on matters more or less appertaining to the war; and I am glad to know it. Yours for the war, the whole war, and nothing but the war. John Bull.

**"John Bull's" Diary of the War. "A History in a Nutshell." Ready August 21. 1s. nett.**

# HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT.

**HIS SATANIC MAJESTY:**

**"The task I gave you straight from Hell,**
**You're carrying out, Bill, *devilish* well;**
**And when on earth you lose your throne,**
**I'll bring you here to share my own."**

## VERNON'S VERSION.

### THE LATEST "LUCKY STONE" LURE.

"Captain" Walter Rand is doing, or has just about done, his "stretch" in the United States, and Richard S. Field, of 9, Sun Court, Finsbury Square, is still busy circulating his wonderful story of "lucky stones" discovered in Ceylon, and trying to palm them off on simpletons at 3s. 6d. or so apiece. Now appears upon the scene one Montague Vernon, of 56, Green Lanes, London, N., with another "Wonderful story" of so-called lucky stones, discovered this time in Burma. A first glance at the booklet circulated by Montague Vernon would lead one to suppose that he is no more than a slavish imitator of the notorious "Captain" Walter Rand, for he calls his precious production "The Wonderful Story of My Life in the East"—words practically identical with those used by the "Captain." But Montague Vernon goes one better than Rand. With fine scorn he attacks those who scoff at the idea of luck residing in a pebble, and apparently thinks to impress his readers with the mysterious virtues of his wares by stating that he has served under four V.C. heroes. In what capacity he does not disclose. Why the fact of a man having served under four, or forty, V.C.s should increase our confidence in his sincerity, we fail to see. But Montague evidently thinks that a little reflected glory will do him no harm, so he drags in the names of Earl Roberts, General Prendergast, General Gough and Major-General Luke O'Connor. To what base uses, etc.!

"The Ignorant Scoffer"!

"I was recently reading an article in a London weekly ridiculing such things a Lucky Stones," begins Vernon, "which at the time were being offered to the public by a gentleman who had had a long residence in the East." We should not be a bit surprised if it were ourselves who are referred to here, and have a shrewd suspicion that the "gentleman" mentioned was the old humbug we have so often exposed—the "Cap'n." ". . . . Not only did the writer ridicule such things as Lucky Stones, but he did not hesitate to stigmatise the gentleman who offered them as an impostor." Neither did the United States Courts, strange to say (if it *is* Rand who is referred to here). They gave him six months. Next we are given a good deal of padding about the "Road to Mandalay," King Theebaw, lepers, "scantily-attired," plump, good-looking Burmese girls; "maids of honour literally covered with costly articles of jewellery—large, jewel-studded tortoiseshell combs in the hair, big valuable rubies in the ears, whilst the neck of each was covered with ornaments, the least of which would have made a South African diamond magnate green with envy"; and, finally, we are regaled with the story of "an old yellow-robed pongee (or priest)" who made the virtuous Vernon a present of a bag "containing some hundreds" of "Lucky Stones." Of course, the favoured recipient immediately became immune from misfortune. He went through a fierce action against dacoits unscathed, and for the past thirty years has been favoured with "health, happiness, and all things that go to make life enjoyable." After all this prosperity, he is ready to distribute amongst his fellow-creatures the hundreds of lucky stones given him by the old pongee. He has had all the luck possible out of the one he has made a practice of wearing. Now he wants to make 4s. 6d. apiece out of the hundreds that for thirty years have lain idle in his possession, earning no luck for anyone.

"Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Readers of John Bull will already have made the acquaintance of this humbug, as a couple of years ago we exposed the trick by which he sought to induce "Bullets" competitors to purchase "solutions" from him, on the representation that a mythical line he had supplied had been awarded the first prize. He subsequently, when applied to by disgusted "clients" for the return of the shilling or two they had paid him, pleaded poverty—and this despite his present assertion that for the last 30 years "everything has prospered" with him! Shortly before this "solution" episode, he was a working compositor, receiving something under £2 a week.

## THE BIRTH OF A BROTHERHOOD.

### ALL ABOUT THE "CITIZENS OF THE WORLD."

Sidelights were thrown on the founding of a pretty "Peace" society by some proceedings at Aberdeen Sheriff Court, where the Secretary, named Watt, of a "Brotherhood" known as "Citizens of the World," sued the promoter of the concern for £65, alleged to be due for salary. The promoter appears to be a weird sort of customer; his name is Yervant H. Iskender, of Pitlochry, and he is also said to be interested in a business carried on, under the guise of "Madame Caroline," for the sale of "convent-made lingerie." Also, he may be of an alien enemy race, for the Sheriff remarked, in the course of the hearing, "We do not want Turks to tell us not to pay taxes"—one of the objects of the Brotherhood being the abolition of war taxes. The other object is the abolition of war, but perhaps it was the annulment of taxes that was expected to appeal most strongly to the thrifty Aberdonians. Watt's story was that he attended a meeting in response to an advertisement. When the blithering Brotherhood was founded he was appointed Secretary at a wage of £2 weekly for spare time work, this being afterwards increased to £4 for his whole time. Apparently he had nothing to do beyond "influencing" people to join—and to gather subscriptions. Collectors of subscriptions were to receive a commission of *thirty per cent.!* but, alas! about £5 was all the grist that came to the mill. An amusing feature was the disclosure that certain prominent people were to be approached, artfully and insinuatingly, with the object of touching them for donations, and the first "philanthropist" on the list for attention and tapping was—Mr. Cadbury. Whether the designs upon his pocket were successful we are unfortunately not able to say, for the Secretary began to press for his back emoluments, and that good "Scotsman," Yervant H. Iskender, was unconscionably shy in parting. So action was brought in the Sheriff's Court, and we might have had still more intimate and tasty details about how to float a "Brotherhood," but it was suddenly announced that the parties had arranged terms of settlement, and the case was withdrawn. The Sheriff said it seemed a very sensible proceeding by both sides, and perhaps it was wise on their part quickly to close the bag. Otherwise the cat might have been more completely let out of it.

## THE WESLEYAN GENERAL AND WAR VOUCHERS.

### PATRIOTISM AND PROSPECTIVE CLIENTS.

We recently addressed an "Open Letter" to Mr. A. L. Hunt, General Manager of the Wesleyan and General Assurance Society, Birmingham, in which we ventured to point out certain inconsistencies in his circular letter to officials of the Society on the subject of enlistment or helping in munitions work. Now we have before us the official "Instructions to Agents," signed by Mr. Hunt, in which is explained how the War Loan vouchers must "be entered in numerical order in a register or notebook, and, as each one is sold, the name and address of the purchaser should be entered against the appropriate number in the next column." The object of this proceeding is explained in a "private" circular to agents and others, in which the advantage of such a record of War Loan voucher purchasers is enlarged upon, it constituting "a very useful list of prospective clients for the near future."

It is obvious that Mr. Hunt is a very astute and resourceful man of business, and we have no doubt he is a very valuable asset to the Society. But we do not care for this intermingling of patriotism with profit. The name of the Society suggests that it has some leaven of religion in its composition. Be that as it may, it is not averse from taking advantage of the present terrible and perilous state of affairs to enlarge its connection. We do not say there is anything illegal, or—broadly speaking—anything actually immoral in the methods Mr. Hunt has adopted to further the interests of his employers. Nevertheless, the manner in which he couples the patriotism of the Society's agents with the increase of the Society's business gives us an unfavourable impression, which we have reason to believe is shared by many of the officials and agents concerned.

**£100 awarded every week for "Money Pictures." See page 26.**

## TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

### "DUG-OUTS" AND OTHERS.

The mind of the trained military man is exercised over the officering of the new troops. There is a slackness here that has a disquieting effect even on the public—whose knowledge of the Army is bounded by the difference between the khaki kit and the more or less gorgeous uniforms in which Tommy was draped before business commenced. The question is being asked, why are there so many resignations of officers recorded? Without expressing an opinion regarding the worth of the average man picked out for officer's rank, it is permissible to complain of the attitude of many of the callow subalterns towards the good men and true who have held the Empire together for years in the field, and who are now contemptuously referred to by them as "dug-outs." As well might the undergraduate at college speak of his professor as a "dug-out." The other day a most distinguished officer was forced to leave his battalion because a secret report was made against him by a "superior" officer who was practically little more than a civilian in uniform. The complaint made was that the captain was a "bad drill"! As a matter of fact, the officer in question had been a sergeant-major in his time—a man who, above everything, must be the best of drills. He holds every certificate for Army proficiency worth having; could handle a regiment of cavalry; had in his commissioned days shown his ability in company, battalion, and brigade handling; has four campaigns to his credit, and was mentioned in despatches on various occasions, being even at the top of the list of Earl Kitchener's "mentions." In addition, he was applied for recently as a Brigade Major, but could not be spared by his General. Yet on the secret report of a mere tyro he has been removed from the Service for ignorance, the document stating that it would be "to the advantage of his King and country if he handed in his papers." He did so, being deprived, as the holder of a temporary commission, of the right to demand an inquiry or even a court-martial. Thus one of the finest officers in the Service seemed lost to the Army. However, his patriotism has, we are glad to say, proved its superiority to natural resentment of such treatment—and he has joined again as a private. What does Lord Kitchener say?

#### Home Service Leave.

There is a general discontent among the men in training, owing to the stoppage of the week-end leave that was enjoyed by the troops in the early days of the war. It may be that a small proportion of the soldiers to whom the concession was extended did not "play the game," and thus deprived more worthy comrades of the privilege. It is galling to our volunteers who are keen to do their duty to the State that, while they live within easy distance of their homes, they are denied the happiness of seeing their friends for a few hours at the week-end, and as often as not are sent to the front without permission to go home to say "good-bye." The B Battery of the H.A.C., at Littlebourne, for instance, is chiefly composed of gentlemen who gave up excellent positions to serve. They have no objection to finding themselves on Tommy's pay, but they do not like to be refused a few hours' furlough to see their friends. The battery horses have to be looked after, of course, but there is no reason why the men should not be allowed home leave weekly by alternate half battery. These remarks do not apply to the H.A.C. only; they have equal bearing upon every unit training in the Kingdom.

#### Missing Men.

Can any of their comrades at the front give us news of the following men, for whom relatives and friends are anxiously inquiring:—Pte. S. Thistleton, 8,629, 4th Otago Co., New Zealand Expeditionary Force; G. Thomson, 10,007, C Co., 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers; Corpl. H. Humphries, attached 84th Battery, R.F.A.; Stoker R. S. Farmer, R.F.R., 2,687, Howe Battalion, R.N.D.; Private Thomas, B Company, 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers; Pte. A. G. Chittenden, 4,103, F Co., 2nd Batt. Hampshire Regt., 88th Brigade, 27th Division, B.E.F.

**In Apartments**

Coffee usually leaves plenty of "grounds" for complaint. To avoid this, insist on

MILKMAID BRAND
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KAFFAY-O-LAY

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*OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.*

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

## IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

*The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from* 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

*We give below a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week.*

A soldier spent the winter in the bitter trenches, getting rheumatic fever and frostbite, from which he recently died. Application was made to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association for a small sum to cover the cost of "mourning." The officials, however, refused—on the ground that the lad had been serving in the Army before the war. An appeal to us was more successful.

A man, wounded during the operations in the Dardanelles, came home to his wife and four very young children. He was one of the victims of the Paymaster's Department, and the family were in great financial distress until application was made to us. The message accompanying the receipt for our grant read, "We said 'God bless John Bull and his readers, and may they live long to make more soldiers' homes happy who have no friends.'"

The widow of a man killed at the Dardanelles was in May sent a form of application for a pension. She promptly supplied the necessary particulars and returned it, but on the 24th was still waiting for her money, and in dire distress. We trust that the assistance we have sent her will enable her to hold out until the Chelsea Commissioners wake up and give her her due.

A home service man was invalided out of the Army with a disabled leg, but in consequence of the Government not performing their contract to pay pensions for wounds received on active service, he found himself without money. As he has a family, despite his incapacity, he was driven to work, but had to give it up almost immediately. His pay had, of course, stopped when he was discharged. We are helping him, too, to tide over.

One of our men sent out to South Africa was invalided home, suffering from a serious climatic disease. He had got married before he went, but when he reached England he discovered that his pay had been stopped. Like so many others, he was irregularly turned out of the barrack gate in uniform, without the civilian suit—or the price of it—to which he is entitled by the King's Regulations. As he was hungry and liable to arrest by the civil authorities for wearing uniform without authority, we came to his rescue, and saw that he was not without a meal or in danger of falling into the hands of the police owing to the regrettable lapses of the officials.

The average Tommy is not what might be called a cautious man, and his officer has frequently to act as his nurse. A soldier stationed at Gibraltar experimented with the regulation sanitary water in his tooth-brushing drill, with disastrous results. He was sentenced to have his teeth seen to at his own expense, and he went to a local dentist for the purpose. As the estimated cost was quite beyond his means, he applied to us. He is happy now.

Unless a soldier goes to hospital as a result of his own negligence, stoppages during his medical treatment are now illegal. However, a man who contracted a cold as a result of exposure while on duty was taken to hospital, developed double pneumonia, and after being laid up for six months, was discharged from the hospital and the service. He then discovered that he had been "docked" sevenpence a day out of his pay for the whole period of his illness—with the result that when he started to join his wife at home he found that, not only had he no money coming to him, but he was actually in debt to the State for which he had sacrificed his health! We looked into the matter, and are endeavouring to obtain the refund of the amount so harshly and illegally stopped.

A somewhat similar case of undeserved misfortune is that of a poor woman, with three children, whose husband answered the country's call. Since he went out to the front his wife has been very ill, having to enter the infirmary. The "home" was sold up, and when she left the public institution she was only too glad to be allowed to occupy one bare room—there to ponder the problem of supporting herself and children, and paying a bill of £5 16s. with which she had been presented by the Poor Law authorities. One of the husband's chums, returned from France, brought the case to our notice. A member of the staff at once visited the unfortunate family and relieved their immediate necessities.

After ten months' service at the front, a saddler contracts varicose veins, which necessitated his return home. He is now on the reserve—and in consequence of his battery having gone to Egypt, the poor chap's papers accompanying them, and he cannot get his money. As he was hard pressed—he is paying back by instalments a sum borrowed for the burial of his boy—he could not wait the several weeks which are required for the return of the documents, especially as meanwhile his wife is much worried by the dunning visits of creditors. We have, therefore, made a grant to help him over the stile.

### WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Winners of sweepstakes on board R.M.S. *Ortega*, £34; The Employees of Messrs. Gaskell and Chambers (London, S.E.), £3 3s.; T. E., 5s.; W. F. J., £1; C. H. L., 5s.; M. W., 2s.; A. W., 9s.; W. M., 1s.; B. H., 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 5s.; A. W. M., 1s.; A. G., 6d.; R. H., 1s.; J. H., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; B. S. G., £1; C. A. W., £3; J. S., 2s. 6d.; W. E., 2s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "A Discharged Soldier," 1s.; E. F., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "M.," 1s.; E. J. C., parcel; J. W. R., £5; Officers and Crew of the s.s. *Cookham*, £2; Oliver and Enid, 3s.; F. W., 1s.; L. C., 2s.; M. M., 6d.; J. D. F., 6d.; "Alan," 5s.; "Coopers and Machinists of Woolwich Arsenal," 5s.; H. E., 1s.; "Chums," 1s. 6d.; A. M. W. (Cape Colony), £1; R. B., £1; "Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; E. M. P., 10s.; H. H., 2s.; P. H., 5s.; R. H. B., 6d.; W. W., 1s.; "Fair Play" (Aberford), 2s.; "Lungy Kimberley," 10s.; "R.M.S. *Ortega* Sports Committee," £10; J. J. G. (part profits on sale of cards), £1; S. A. L., £4; E. W., 1s.; G. H., 1s.; J. N., 1s.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; "Antipas," 2s.; "A Soldier's Lass," 1s.; A. D., 4s.; A. N., 5s.; "Crank-pin," 10s.; Second Class Passengers of the R.M.S. *Ortega*, £3; W. D. and A. J. (Birkenhead), 6s.; F. A. K., 2s. 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; C. B. and S. S., 1s.; "Scots Tounhill," 2s. 6d.; S. F. S., 1s.; L. M., 1s.; "Bet on You," 1s.; W. W., 1s.; F. J., 6d.; A. G., 1s.; T. D., 1s.; "Chief Officer s.s. *Hindu*," £1; "Beta," 6d.; "Weymouth," 1s.; "A Kitchenmaid," 2s. 6d.; R. and H. M., £2 10s.; R. and F. Y., 10s.; M. J. O'R., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

### COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our Fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

Edinburgh.—Mr. F. Stevens, 69, Clerk Street, 2s. 10d.; Mr. C. Clerk, 1, Roseburn Terrace, Murrayfield, 5s.; Mr. H. Scott, 202, Rose Street, 2s. 6½d.

Rochford.—Harry Balls, Esq., "The Anchor," South Fambridge, £1 1s.

Crossgates, Fifeshire.—Mr. Joseph Robb, Hairdresser, Main Street, 3s.

Prestatyn.—Mr. H. J. Parsonage, High Street, 4s.

**Our prizes are the most generous offered by any paper.**

# Mr. SMOKER

Apart from the actual detriment to one's teeth, stale tobacco, as you know, gives a most unpleasant taint to the breath, equally objectionable to oneself and friends. *Ordinary* tooth powder cannot help you much—T.M. Smoker's Powder *can.*

**T.M. Smoker's Tooth Powder**

Is not ordinary Tooth Powder. It is the only Powder that absolutely removes at once all trace of nicotine, smell, and taste: cleans the teeth perfectly, leaving them beautifully smooth. There is no grit to injure the enamel. It is a strong antiseptic which removes from the mouth the "bite" so often felt by smokers. Instead there is that clean, healthy taste that has made T.M. so popular with both ladies and gentlemen.

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Of all Chemists and Stores, 6d. per tin, or post free from the Proprietors.

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ZEPTO Antiseptic Tartar Pencils get into the clinks wherein tooth brush rarely gets. They remove the dark Tartar and Tobacco Stains *at once* and make white, glistening teeth. Last many months. Cost but 9d. each. Of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from

**T. Christy & Co. (Dept. J.B.).**

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# Lager, please.

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No foreign Lager for me.

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WILL SETTLE ALL DISPUTES

ODHAMS LTD., PUBLISHERS, 93 & 94, LONG ACRE, W.C.

## IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

### MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY.

Good-evenin', sir. . . . I sed "Good-evenin'," sir. . . . There ain't no 'arm in thet, I should 'ope. It's no more'n perfeshuual perliteness. . . . Ho, very good. . . . Wot is it you want, 'air cuttin'? . . . Orl right. Sit 'ere. . . . Think I'm rude, do yer? Well, 'ow *would* yer like me ter tork? W'en I say "Good-evenin'" it ain't right, an' w'en I speaks without enny trimmin's, so ter say, that ain't right neether. . . . Not serposed ter speak at orl, ain't I? . . . Well, I don't know erbout thet. I've es much right ter speak as you 'ave ter come into my shop. . . . Yes, it's *my* shop. . . . No, I *ain't* jest an ordinary assistant, as you calls it. . . . But I don't see wot diff'rence thet makes. . . . In my erpinyun, a gen'l'man torks the same to *h*everybody an' don't lose 'is temper with nobody. . . . I don't want no more gush from customers becos I'm the boss 'ere then if I wos an assistant. . . . But I like a certain ermount o' courtesy. . . . W'en customers comes in 'ere they're jest customers—an' thet's orl . . . . Some people seem ter think *h*everybody wot ain't in the same persishun as theirselves is dirt. . . . I'm a British citizen an' thet's good enuff for ennybody. . . . A cat may look at a king, they say. An' a British citizen kin tork to ennybody on a level, ter my way o' thinkin'. . . . There's too much o' thet swank knockin' erbout. . . . Look et thet judge t'other day—Ridley, wosn't it? . . . Made a damphool of 'isself in Court tryin' ter play the tin Kayser with the foreman o' the jury. . . . Disgustin', I call it. . . . Oh, I know a judge is the representative of the King. But thet made matters worse, ter my mind. . . . The King is a gen'l'man, Gawd bless 'im, an' wouldn't try to make one of 'is subjicks look a fool w'en 'e was on'y tryin' ter do 'is juty as a British citizen. . . . . An' 'e wouldn't thank an understrapper like Ridley fur doin' it. . . . Keep still, sir, if you don't want yer *h*ear orf. . . . No patience ter listen ter me? Well, thet's somethink like wot Ridley wos with the foreman of the jury. . . . *'E* 'adn't got no patience with a man wot wos tryin' ter do 'is juty an' wos actin' accordin' to 'is lights. . . . It ain't one o' the best o' jobs—sittin' on a jury. The pay ain't too grand, an' the accomerdashun ain't Pullman, so ter speak. . . . But a Britisher does it becos it's one of 'is juties as a citizen. . . . So it's a bit rough w'en the judge makes a dead-set at yer, an' makes yer look a damphool before the Court, simply becos you wanter do the right thing. . . . Wot, the foreman 'ad no right to tell the judge some of 'em thort 'is decision wos a traversty o' justice? W'y not? Wot's the jury for? If their opinyun wos wrong, w'y didn't Ridley explain like a gen'l'man w'ere it wos wrong, instead of jumpin' on the foreman like a cat on a sparrer? Instead o' w'ich, 'e told 'im to 'old 'is tongue. . . . *to 'old 'is tongue!!* Thet's wot chew say to a cheeky kid. It ain't the right way ter speak to a British citizen angshus ter do 'is juty. . . . So fur as I kin unnerstand, the foreman didn't say nuthink more arfter thet. . . . But Ridley 'ad anuther go at 'im orl the same. Jest like a peevish woman, wot ain't never done with a thing w'en she once starts jawin'. . . . "You will be good enuff ter treat me with more respeck, sir," 'e sed. . . . Silly! . . . The foreman 'adn't sed anuther word! . . . But *h*even then ole Ridley 'adn't done with 'im. Turnin' to 'im, 'e sed: "You will kindly now leave the box, sir." W'ich the foreman did, sayin' 'e 'ad merely expressed the opinyun o' the jury. Thet's wot 'is juty wos—to express the opinyun o' the jury. But thet wouldn't do fur Ridley. "Wot right 'ave you to *h*interfere with me?" 'e awsked, pale with rage, I reckon. Didjew ever 'ear sich rot? Like a spoilt kid, I calls it. Wonder 'e didn't say, "You leave me be! I'll tell my ma!" . . . Ennythink on the 'air, sir? . . . Very good, sir. . . . 'Ope I 'aven't sed nuthink to upset yer, sir. I orlways speaks me mind. An' I tell yer straight, sir, Ridley orlways wos a rum-tempered bloke, but this time 'e's fair made a *h*ass of 'isself. . . . . Pay in the shop, please. . . . Lor', don't 'e look ratty! Et somethink wot don't agree with 'im, I should think. . . .

## LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

### THE BELGIAN'S VENGEANCE.

In Belgium, where the waterways
Ran through the fields of green,
A merchant with his mother dwelled,
In mutual love serene,
Until the blazing torch of war
Set all the land aflame,
And down that peaceful village street
The trooping foemen came.

The aged mother told her beads,
And sat there white with fear,
The son stood by the door, to mark
The horsemen drawing near;
A group of them, four officers,
Jeered at the merchant meek,
And one, dismounting, said, "I think
This is the man we seek."

They strode within the modest house,
The mother stood like stone;
The Colonel said, "We need a car,
And you, my man, have one."
He named a town beyond the streams,
A Belgian city fair,
And said, "Get out your car at once,
Drive us in secret there."

The Belgian flushed, then paled again,
He knew the safety way,
But could he lead the Germans there,
And his dear land betray?
The soldier only laughed again,
"Your conscience pricks, I see;
Make up your mind, I give you but
The time while I count three."

The merchant said, "I will not drive,"
The German counted "One!"
And "Two!" rings in the silence as
The dreadful moments run;
"I will not do it!" cried the son,
Then "Three!" the German said,
And, turning swiftly on his heel,
He shot the mother dead.

One awful second in red blood
His eyeballs seemed to float,
The Belgian was about to spring
Sheer at the German's throat;
Then, white he went, down dropped his hands,
The sweat stood on his brow,
He said, "Sir, you have conquered me—
Yes, I will drive you now."

The Colonel laughed his brutal laugh,
The car was straight fetched out,
The Belgian drove, the officers
Leaped in with scornful shout;
The Colonel sat beside the man,
"You know the road, you say,
Speed on!"—The Belgian at the wheel
Said, "Yes—I know the way!"

And quick along the dark'ning road
The humming motor sped,
The man above the steering wheel
Crouched low and bent his head;
"Good!" laughed the German officer,
"This man can drive a car,
He's learned the lesson that I taught—
What cravens these folk are!"

Just then they raced around a bend,
And slipped adown ridge,
In front of them the River Meuse—
They dashed upon the bridge;
A sudden, sharp turn of the wheel,
A swerve straight for the wall—
A crash—a scream—a dive deep down—
And the stream flows over all!

Ricardo.

**Don't take risks, we insure you free. See page ii of cover.**

**RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS (LIMITED).**

**THE COMPANY AND THE WAR.**

At the 14th annual ordinary general meeting, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., the chairman and managing director, observed that the shareholders would probably desire him to say something as to the outlook for the future. The first three months of the company's new financial year were about to expire, and the result so far was reassuring. The turnover was gradually mounting up week by week, and he made bold to say that they were more than holding their own in the volume of their trade in face of the greatest struggle known in the world's history. His son Desmond, one of the directors, was at the present moment at the front. The chairman afterwards said he was sure the shareholders would agree that, with total reserves of £85,000, the company was in a sound financial position.

**IF YOU WANT**

your children to be healthy, give them less meat and more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

***No Advance In Price.***

**HOT Weather —more pests** Thousands and thousands of Government workers and soldiers concentrated—sure to mean more insect troubles—unless you take the precautions and get a tin of Hawley's I.K. This new discovery wipes them out.

3d., 4½d., 6d. & 1s. Chemists Everywhere. **HAWLEY'S I.K.** Insect Killer

**Put Money in War Loan.**

We can save you the price of a new suit: take the money to the Post-Office and buy War Scrip; at the same time get a Postal Order for 3s. 9d. and send it to us.

**What we do for 3s. 9d.**

We fetch suit (evening dress same price), remove spots and stains, dry clean if or where necessary, mend any small damages, sew on loose buttons, &c., revive the cloth so that it is as soft and supple as new, press in best West-End style, and return to your door. Money back if you are not satisfied.

**BRITISH**

81 to 90 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Telephone: North 2882 or 2883.

Suits that need extensive repairs, new linings, cuffs or ankles turned up without loss of length, can nevertheless be made smart and fresh at a very slight extra charge. Estimates free. Write for Prospectus.

**HOW TO GET RID OF DANDRUFF.**

**This Home-made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling out.**

The following simple recipe, which can be mixed at home or put up by any chemist, will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out.

To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out and relieves itching and scalp disease.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

**PATRIOTISM**

**AND**

**Personal Thrift**

*"—it is all important to us to keep, and to increase our supply of gold."*—MR. ASQUITH, *House of Commons, July 28, 1915.*

**Save the Country's Gold**

**and**

**Pay all accounts by cheque!**

FARROW'S BANK, LTD., provides exceptional facilities to meet this need.

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may be opened with sums of £5 and upwards, and 2½% is allowed where balances of £10 and over are maintained.

EVERY TRADESMAN, every working-man and every housewife should possess an account and should positively make no purchases other than by means of his or her cheque-book.

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A. H. & CO.

# "John Bull's" Letter Bag.

*[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]*

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

*AUTHORS and* ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 98, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

T. V. (Witheridge).—Fear not; though we return to the House of Commons, we shall not relinquish the Editorial chair.

A. C. (Liverpool).—We really have no time just now to puzzle our brains over the prophecies of dear old Daniel. David (Lloyd George) is the man for our money at the moment. Give us munitions, not mysteries.

J. G. (Jesmond) begs of us to prevent Mr. D. M. Mason, M.P. for Coventry, from going north. That is all very well, for it is dead sure we don't want him south. The only alternative is to send him to Coventry, although we believe that Lady Godiva would willingly rise and repeat her performance if thereby her beloved town would be relieved of his presence.

Miss I. E. W. (Bristol).—When the "two officers" alleged to have seen the "Angelic Guard at Mons" are identified by name, and when they give us their words, as British officers and gentlemen, that they saw this thing, we will treat the legend with respect—but not before. Until then we shall continue to regard it as a crazy fake, originating in the way we recently disclosed.

"INVARIABLE" (Kensal Rise Road, N.W.), in a red-ink frenzy, writes: "YOU ARE NOT ACCEPTED OF GOD, you wicked man, until you pay me the £500 Premier Prize as A SIN OFFERING, then you may be forgiven." Any asylum lost a female patient with a *penchant* for red ink?

H. C. (Belfast).—We do not dispute the fact that the C.M.S. has done good work, more especially in equipping hospitals and tending the sick and wounded in Africa, but we maintain this is not the time for it to spend tens of thousands of pounds in purely missionary propaganda, when every coin is required for the defence of the Empire. You appear to credit the Society with the splendid loyalty of our coloured troops. A few of them may have embraced the Christian faith, but the vast majority adhere to their traditional religion, which is in all cases scrupulously respected by the authorities, both naval and military. A worshipper of Mumbo Jumbo may be loyal to Britain, whilst a professed Christian, as we see, may be a traitor to the flag.

Miss E. M. (Bridgwater).—We should be interested to see the letters of the person who, you say, rejected your help in munition work when she learned you were a domestic servant.

S. R. (St. Helens).—We, too, have noticed that Mr. C. P. Trevelyan wants to know what the British Government are fighting for, also what peace terms they want. What *we* are puzzled to know is, what on earth Mr. C. P. Trevelyan is for. It is said by some that everything created has a beneficent purpose in the scheme of nature, but we do not know what Trevelyan's is.

W. A. C. (San Francisco).—Your lines on the Kaiser are not one whit too strong. Read them to your German workmates when next you are spoiling for a scrap.

"THROSTLE" (West Bromwich).—Glad to hear that nearly 500 of Cadbury's employees have enlisted. It appears that they possess patriotism and courage, despite the cocoa.

F. A. P. (Catford, S.E.).—Our fearless Canadian contemporary, *Jack Canuck*, prints "open letters" somewhat on the lines of our own "Candid Communications." Is it obtainable in Winnipeg? We *should* smile!

"DISGUSTED" (Pendleton) has lost his hair because we disapprove of the Manchester authorities' selection of a lady cursed with a German name (Miss Weitzman) to fill the post of Medical Officer of the new baby clinic. His anonymous abuse leaves us cold. Does he suppress his own name and address because he also is burdened with a Teutonic-patronymic?

L. R. V. (Clapham, S.W.).—Why is a Tommy risking his life daily in the trenches paid only 1s. 2d. per day, whereas a motor transport driver is paid somewhere about 30s. per week? Because we haven't a Business Government.

Mrs. W. (Ware) sends us a photo of a group of men of the Middlesex Regiment, stationed "somewhere in India," who are gathered round a copy of this journal. She tells us that they find JOHN BULL indispensable. They left the service of the Brentford Gas Co. to "do their bit," and their fine physique, smartness and intelligent appearance are a credit to their late employers and themselves.

J. F. (Salisbury).—General Joffre is in supreme command of the allied forces in France. General French, who is in immediate command of the British forces, is second in command of the whole.

"BULLDOG" (Southampton).—We cannot ventilate the complaints of the R.N.R. men on board the *Carmania* with regard to pay, the lack of the rum ration, etc., for we might be had up for inciting to mutiny. We should not mind that in a good and patriotic cause, but it would check our usefulness in many other directions.

C. P. (Stowmarket).—We entirely approve the action of the Manager of the Yarmouth Labour Exchange in refusing to disclose the woman's address. The purpose of the Labour Exchange is what its name implies, not to provide a means for tracing debtors. There is other and legitimate machinery for that.

"A WOMAN WORKER" (London, W.C.).—We think there is small need to call a mass meeting to express confidence in K. of K. Every intelligent British subject is a miniature mass meeting in that respect. The 10s. you so kindly sent was duly credited to our War Fund.

J. W. R. (Liverpool) thinks he has caught us tripping because whereas some years ago we deprecated the begetting of large families by poor people unable to afford the luxury, we now advocate abundant offspring. There is no inconsistency. Times have changed. We must now all do our best to replace the wastage of war.

REV. J. P. (Westminster) believes that the majority of the members of his profession look somewhat askance at us, but declares that he will support us to the very utmost of his power. We don't care how we are regarded by the *wrong* reverends, so long as we are looked upon with sympathy and understanding by the *right* reverends.

J. N. (Cheshunt) thinks that during the long holidays this summer, school teachers should take up agricultural work, to help to replace the shortage of farm labour. It is an apposite suggestion. Their business is to teach the young idea how to shoot, so let them take the "field" themselves.

T. T. (St. George's, East).—Whether the Potsdam Perisher is himself a teetotaler or not we neither know nor care. But we note he advocates temperance. It is easy to see why, for a large proportion of the most notorious murderers have been teetotalers, as you point out.

"A PATRIOT" asks if it is a fact that the Kaiser sent a telegram of congratulation to the Welsh miners, expressing his heartfelt thanks for the aid they were giving the German cause. We would not be surprised. He had good grounds. But "all's well that ends well."

Mrs. M. Y. (Catford) suggests that instead of "bursting to be Managing Directors of Ammunition Factories," women would be doing better work in trying to get the price of milk reduced. Well, the more ammunition, the sooner the war will end; and the sooner the war ends, the sooner the price of milk will come down.

A. R. (Plaistow).—In the event of conscription, we do not think it would be found necessary to call up married men of 32 with three young children.

R. M. McL. (Saltcoats).—You are right. There was no alliance, but just "a cordial understanding" between Britain and France immediately prior to the war. But an alliance existed between ourselves and the Japanese.

H. M. H. (Glasgow).—There is no defence for Ramsay Macdonald and other M.P.s of his pernicious type. They take their country's pay, and then labour to betray her interests. You say: "God help the British people if the policy you advocate should ever come into operation." Depend upon it, He will; for God helps those who help themselves.

W. H. LA V. (Kimberley).—"If the call should come—late even now—I am confident that black S. Africa will answer, 'Yea. Ready.'" We doubt it not.

**"Write to 'John Bull' about it"—with a "John Bull" Pen.**

MRS. E. M. (Ore).—Napoleon does not rest in an earthy grave, so you could not very well bury under it the mystic coin which your grandmother said would save England and France. It is the pound sterling which will do that.

"A LIGHTERMAN."—Do we think watermen and lightermen are doing their bit for the dear old country? Not half!

"SELF-RAISING" (London, S.W.) says the Germhuns have been the curse of the baking trade. We never did think they wore the white flour of a blameless life.

A. N. (Whittington).—The Whittington we spoke of as "not up to Dick" because soldiers were "unwelcome" to it, was Whittington, Salop. Whittington, near Lichfield, where "A. N." dwells, is a permanent military centre, proud of its acquaintance with the soldier. This is to certify, therefore, that Whittington, near Lichfield, is quite up to Dick, and the men of the New Army may feel perfectly at home there.

T. B., F. M., AND T. P. (Eastbourne).—We ourselves do not much admire some of the uniforms our convalescent soldiers are decked out in. Certainly there is no earthly reason why the big suits should be given to the little men, and *vice versa*. But surely there is no one in Eastbourne cruel and callous enough to laugh at you after all you have done and suffered.

"SENSIBLE LAWS."—A man may not marry his "deceased wife's brother's daughter"—niece by affinity. Any more conundrums?

"M" wants to find a hospital or home, in or near London, where accommodation can be obtained, at a reasonable rate, for old ladies whose incomes are limited. The shilling's worth of stamps he sends have been added to our War Fund.

H. N. C. (Johannesburg) suggests that, to preserve the best of our race, every single soldier should get married before leaving for the Front. To whom?

MESSRS. A. GOLD AND CO. (87, Grosvenor Road, Canonbury) state that they were unaware that the soldier in hospital to whom we recently referred was being pestered to pay the small account due to them, asserting that one of their employées was in fault in passing on the man's name to their solicitors. We leave the matter there.

MISS E. ARCHER.—Please forward your full address to our Pen Department.

JAMES FORBES BRANDER (age about 40, late of Denny, Stirlingshire), who went to America about ten years ago—or anybody with a knowledge of his whereabouts—is asked to communicate with the mother, at Milton House, Denny, who has had no news of him for five years. When last heard of he was employed in a gold mine in Arizona, U.S.A.

R. C. (Glasgow).—In reply to your recent inquiry *re* War Loan Bonds, you will be able to realise small amounts through the Post Office Savings Bank, a trifling commission (9d. or 1s. for £5) being charged. It is unlikely that the price of the bonds will fall to any appreciable extent.

MR. JOSEPH HAMMOND (Public Accountant and Auditor, of 59-61, Queen Street, Cardiff) and Mr. John Hammond (a Borough Councillor, of John Hammond's Agency, Orford Road, Walthamstow), wish to make it clear that they are not in any way connected with "Messrs. Hammond and Co.," or "Hammond's Enquiry Bureau, Pontypridd Branch," whom we recently criticised under the heading of "Bluff or Blackmail?" Mr. Joseph Hammond has never undertaken debt-collecting or private inquiry work, whilst the business of Mr. John Hammond is conducted many miles from the scene of the operations of the concern upon which we animadverted. The former gentleman tells us that, from inquiries made locally, he has ascertained that "Messrs. Hammond and Co." had for a short time their letters addressed to a private house in Pontypridd, but appear to have left the town on the publication of our paragraph, any communications intended for them now being returned through the Dead Letter Office.

MRS. MARY SCOTT ROWLAND, 41, New Bond Street, W., offers for sale a "collection of clean back cancelled stamps from many parts of the world. Rare collection with many denominations. Weight 10 ozs." Mrs. Rowland kindly undertakes to apply the proceeds to our War Relief Fund. Intending purchasers may write or call at the lady's address.

THE OFFICER COMMANDING the 1st London Divisional Royal Engineers (Territorial Force) again invites recruits for new Field Companies "to back up those now fighting in France and the Dardanelles." Skilled, intelligent, vigorous unmarried men, not engaged on war work, interested in bridging, pontooning, earthworks and explosives, should apply to the Recruiting Officer, 10, Victoria Park Square, London, N.E.

J. L. B. (Leeds).—Kindly repeat your question. We do not reply by post unless the case is exceptional.

MISS M. H. (Oldham).—Some of the young officers whose high-spirited and perhaps somewhat foolish conduct in the theatre you denounce, may, before these words appear in print, have died for their country—and *you*. Cultivate more charitable thoughts.

H. W. (Ramsgate) says that the chemists throughout the country are owed between £30,000 and £60,000 by the Government, under the National Insurance Act. We wish they may get it.

O. S. (Mark Lane, E.C.).—Your great-grandfather having migrated to London in 1778 from Hanover (then a British possession), you are, of course, entitled to consider yourself thoroughly British. We congratulate you. We also admire you for refraining from trying to conceal your remote German origin by changing your name.

J. S. (Richmond) appears to look upon the Mormon mission as an unmixed blessing, as it provides a means of reducing the superfluity of women in this country. The conditions of slavery and moral degradation into which female converts to Mormonism are inveigled are nothing to him. Callous chap!

MISS J. W. (Birmingham).—The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., of Belvoir Street, Leicester, is a very good firm—to have nothing to do with.

H. D. (Alnmouth).—Any person who states that we offered £100, or £1,000, or any money at all, for proof that Admiral Jellicoe is not a German, is in danger of—well, you know what happened to Ananias.

L. H. (Edinburgh) sends us the story of a French officer who had been at pains to acquire a knowledge of Tommy's swear words, considering them very expressive. Kicked into a ditch one day by a restive horse, he fumbled for fit words in which to address the animal, finally ejaculating: "You—you damn liar!" We are afraid L. H. is not much better.

"A FRIEND OF TOMMY" tells us that by adding the words "c.o. Forwarding Office, Southampton," to the address, parcels can be sent to the troops at the front at inland parcel post rates. Good egg!

"FACTS" (Greenock).—We are asked by "Touchy Scot" when was England a sea-girded isle, and we replied "Before our time." If you will open your whisky-bleared eyes, you will see we did not put it forward as a "fact" that England at some time was entirely surrounded by salt water, though geology proves that it may very well have been. Don't trouble to apologise.

"JONATHAN" (Lancaster Gate, W.) opines that the sex of the submarine is female because (1) she ducks when attacked, (2) she requires a man to manage her, and (3) when she *speaks*, her word is sharper than a two-edged sword. Very weak. Nowadays, women don't duck when they are attacked. They reply with the straight griffin.

MISS G. B. (Clapham Park, S.W.) suggests combating the Germhun gas with a gun "to send out a great powerful wind," and blow the fumes back. Why on earth did not somebody think of that before?

E. T. (Grove Park, S.E.) writes: "Anent your article 'Have we all gorne mad' . . . *you* are certainly mad." Fancy that, now! He adds: "If the foe get to Calais you may have to consider for London his terms for peace with us." So long as E. T. writes sentences like that, he will never get his discharge.

E. G. (Peterhead) asks: "Do donkeys die?" Alas, yes. You cannot escape the common fate.

J. G. (Bradford).—You are all behind with your suggestion that (late) German West Africa should now be called Bothaland. Some thousands of people thought of that the instant the good news came.

WM. B. McC. (Glasgow).—You needn't be peevish because we are not disposed to pay you £5 a page for dry-as-dust dissertations on food economics.—You don't believe it will be a case of "Berlin, 1915." You write as though you hoped it would not. Well, wait and see. We don't want the £1 you offer to wager. Put it in the War Loan.

"CARDI."—We do not care to advise in affairs of the heart. Write to *Everywoman's Weekly* about it. You may tell things you might not like to tell us.

"NATURALISED GERMAN" (Manchester).—We do not doubt your professions of loyalty to Britain, and are ready to believe there are many naturalised Germans as faithful as you claim to be. But there are hundreds who are not. How can we discriminate whilst war is raging? *All* should be interned, in case of accidents.

SERGT. J. M. (B.E.F.).—No soldier can claim his discharge, on the score of being time expired, while war is raging. Your difficulty is, therefore, solved.

"LITHO" (Manchester) considers that a man who, after working for a firm for sixteen years, gets only 19s. 6d. per week cannot deserve more, and merits no one's sympathy. When "Litho" can't get the pay he thinks he is entitled to, he chucks his job and goes on the parish. Now, which of the two is the more honourable and independent man?

"SERGEANT" (Enniskillen).—That chestnut would get *us* a roasting.

*(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)*

**"John Bull's" Diary of the War will be the most useful book ever published.**

## BOXERS AND BOXING.

BY EUGENE CORRI.

And so George Mitchell has "gone west." He was a Second Lieutenant in the Black Watch, and is officially reported to have been accidentally killed whilst with his regiment in Franco. Let me tell you about young Mitchell, an amateur champion boxer, an accomplished wrestler, and, I am sure, a brave, big-hearted soldier. A typical Yorkshireman, large, bluff, hearty—a modern Jan Ridd was Mitchell; his laugh was a roar, his spirits those of a rollicking schoolboy. Life to him was a joy; a glorious adventure—just high jinks. It was only the other week I saw him at the National Sporting Club, whither he would go whenever he was in town. He liked all sports, boxing especially. This was natural, for his father, the late Tom Mitchell, one of the best-known figures in Bradford business circles, was a whole-hogger in sport, was also an agriculturist and an artist; and, then, young George's uncle, the late Percy Illingworth, Chief Liberal Whip, was, in his day, one of our very best Rugby footballers, and an accomplished athlete.

George Mitchell, at the beginning of last April, had but one ambition, and that was to box Carpentier, who, some little time previously, had knocked out Bombardier Wells with practically one punch, at the National Sporting Club. So, blessed with much money, and being one of those breezy young fellows who contrive to get their way in most things, he started "negotiations" for a meeting with the redoubtable Georges, these days (as I have told you before) an airman with the army of his country. Carpentier did not know Mitchell from Adam, but at once told Mr. Mitchell to come along to Paris and put the gloves on. Mitchell was elated and, together with a merry little party, took himself to Paris. The sturdy Yorkshireman, of course, had no idea of knocking Carpentier out or even troubling him seriously. What he wanted to try to do was to stand up against Carpentier longer than Wells did. The French youth, who has a keen sense of humour, was intensely amused, but when Descamps, his manager, saw the great frame of Mitchell he told Carpentier that he must be up to no larks. And the wonderful Georges accordingly took himself very seriously. Well, Mitchell stood on his feet for one minute, 35 seconds, and so did better than Wells, who was stretched out at the end of 75 seconds.

Mitchell was more than satisfied, and so were his friends. Carpentier was paid something round about £200, as a fee for obliging the Yorkshireman, and everybody signified their great and overwhelming happiness by making a night of it. And now George Mitchell has gone! His countless friends will miss him. He was a white man. But he has died as he *would* have died, serving his country. Like the man he was, he rushed to the Colours so soon as war broke out.

Gordon Sims, not a little clever, and a stranger to fear, bit off more than he could chew, as they say, when he took on Moran, the Pittsburg heavy-weight and ex-University student, at the Ring last week. He lost in the sixth round. Weight, combined with superior strength, was too much for him. The contest—by the way, prefaced by a friendly bout in which McLaughlin, now a lieutenant, engaged with a brother officer—caused the building to be crowded: there can be no doubt that a heavy-weight worth his salt is a tremendous draw. *En passant*, Moran may not be clever, but he is a sticker, and there can be no doubt that he carries a very telling punch in his right hand. Besides, he will take any amount of punishment without wincing. If he could only box better, what a man he would be! Still, he has done very well.

From the Australian papers, I gather that Hughie Mehegan, who won much popularity when he was over here and did much to bring out the best of Freddy Welsh, is still going strong. He has had a rare set-to in Melbourne with one Jack Clune, who is highly spoken of. Mehegan, who is as hard as nails, won.

I hear that Sergeant Johnny Basham and Dai Roberts are doing splendidly in their training, and their contest, which is to take place at the Liverpool Stadium on the 12th inst., and which I am to referee, will, if I am not mistaken, be one of the very best ever seen at the bustling City on the Mersey.

## "RACING" NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Out of our seven selections in last week's John Bull we had five runners, comprising two "winners" (Haki being afterwards disqualified) and three losers, one of which, White Prophet (6–1), was greatly fancied but was pulled up early in the race through sudden lameness. I am informed, however, that the trouble was temporary, and in no way serious. Racing this week is confined to Ireland, and small investments on the following may show a profit.—Galway (*Wed.*).—Galway Plate, H. Ussher's selected; Blazer's Plate, Dysart; Steward's Plate, Parkinson's selected*. (*Thurs.*).—His Majesty's Plate, Romus; Trader's Plate, Fair Mac.

"The Squire's" Saturday Special still continues its remarkable success, and if its thousands of followers have not had a cheerful holiday it should not be for lack of funds. Some of "The Squire's" latest big successes are referred to in an advertisement on another page, which *every* sportsman should read. The *only* wires despatched last week were:—Wednesday (one-horse), lost; Thursday, Marcus (won 6–1) and a loser. Marcus was sent to all "Dollar" and "Special" Wire clients, whilst the *only* message the previous week was a winner. An "occasional Job Wire" was also sent on Thursday, the animal advised finishing 2nd. Nothing else whatever has been advised.

For *more* good things at Newmarket equal, I hope, to Willna Stop, Clap Gate, Vanitie, etc., see "The Squire's" Saturday Special this week-end. Never go "punting" without your "Squire"—and *never* miss "The Squire's" Wires!

## PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

A GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Dear Sir Editor,—i think you are a through bad un i go and waist a 1d. stamp to ask you a sivil guestion and thats the way you treet us it is not enouf for you to scorn my letter but of corse you have to put it in your pitty the poor editor and thats a lie becorse you are not poor so don't try to kid us up and if you want to no anything i found out what i wanted informtion about so i snapp mi fingers in your face it wos charlie —— and i lost mi bet and i had told mi frends wot i had askt you and now it is in pitty the poor editor and i have been held up to redikulous so dont think your clever as you did a unwise act to show all mi letter suppose you were brougt up for label by charlie —— you would roo every her on your head but i no one thing that as done you in and i am not going to put mi address or name on this so you cant put the blaim on me i can tell you i am anoyed god punnish horato bottombly."

## WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

LAVINIA CONSTANTINE, 20 and 23, Rodney Street, Wigan. July 10th. 235,464.

J. JONES, 102, Cedar Street, Accrington, Lancs. July 17th. 504,134.

R. WRATHALL, 6, High Street, Kingston-on-Thames. July 17th. 270,065.

THOMAS BUCKLE, 19, Oswald Terrace, Chilton, Ferryhill. July 10th. 749,254.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 31st:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 001066 | 185051 | 439252 | 688721 | 900314 |
| 012125 | 214979 | 468778 | 695571 | 936843 |
| 043662 | 223844 | 485927 | 717105 | 970651 |
| 075538 | 238500 | 500106 | 740220 | A000692 |
| 091553 | 257150 | 515056 | 766103 | A046784 |
| 109733 | 293000 | 571384 | 784320 | A085533 |
| 123142 | 306942 | 584029 | 822264 | A104361 |
| 148339 | 356977 | 606734 | 845357 | A158733 |
| 174563 | 377915 | 621953 | 859756 | A176250 |
| 179468 | 407842 | 647332 | 874981 | A195341 |

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 11th).

# "The Squire" Still Leading!

The enormous success and popularity of

**"THE SQUIRE'S" SPECIAL**

has once again proved the truth of the old adage—"Nothing succeeds like success." The remarkably consistent winner-finding abilities of **"THE SQUIRE"**—the "King of all Turf Advisers"—(both for English and Irish racing)—continue to attract a huge and increasing following of sportsmen everywhere. **"THE SQUIRE"** does not claim to indicate **every** winner, but **can** boast of what is probably the **biggest winning average.** The numerous continued "scorings" are well known to all followers of the "Special," such, for instance, as

**FOUR WINNERS OUT OF FIVE AT BALDOYLE,**

whilst other recent winning selections have included

## ARMANT (Won 10—1).

At Newmarket last week **"THE SQUIRE'S" SPECIAL** gave:

## WILLNA STOP (Won 25—1)
## CLAP GATE* (Won 10—1)
## VANITIE (Won 7—1)

in addition to other minor winners such as **Eos** (won 9—4), **Passport** (won 11—10), etc.—not to mention **three clear winners** and **two 2nds** at the Imber Court Inaugural Meeting!

**"THE SQUIRE'S"** Wires, too, continue their unequalled supply of **winning intelligence** (see full particulars in "Special"). **Marcus** (**Won 6—1**) was advised last Thursday, only one other wire being sent out all the week. Previous week the **only** message gave one winner and one 2nd.

**Never** go "punting" without your **"SQUIRE,"** and **never** miss **"THE SQUIRE'S"** Wires! **"THE SQUIRE'S" SPECIAL** (6d.) is obtainable from all bookstalls or newsagents every week-end, or post free direct from the Publishers, Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C. Mark envelopes "Squire."

*-with stewed fruit*

TRY Ideal Milk—just as it is, fresh from the can, with your stewed fruits, tarts, puddings, etc.—you will find it a delicious substitute for cream. Ideal Milk is simply fresh dairy milk of finest quality from which a part of the water is evaporated: the whole tin is then carefully sterilized and consequently freed from all bacteria. Diluted with water it replaces dairy milk for every purpose.

*Ideal Milk—the Everyday Milk.*

**6d. per tin, of all Grocers.**

*Send a card for a copy of the Interesting Booklet,* **"Two Milkmaids and an Ideal,"** *sent post free on application to*

**ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.,**
**6-8, Eastcheap, London.**

**Contractors to the British Army and Navy.**



**PILES CURED BY TAKING "PYLITNA" POWDERS.**

A GENUINE CURE.

Hæmorrhoids or Piles are occasioned by the disordered functions of the system; the application of external remedies may alleviate but cannot remove the cause, and patients are often told that a surgical operation is the only cure.

*A Doctor says:—"Gave patient Six Pylitna Powders and found Piles had disappeared within a week."*

*A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with Doctors."*

These powders are **taken in a little warm milk or water** and are quite harmless. Of all Chemists at **2/9** per box, or from the **Proprietors.**

**"PYLITNA," 3, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.**



# GRAVES

**FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS** of Sheffield

Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles and Tyres, Gramophones, Gramophone Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches and Jewellery, Prams, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.



**DRY PLATES & ROLL-FILMS DEVELOPED.**

Any size up to Postcard 1d. each. | Prints and Postcards, 1d. each.
*Special Prices to Trade & for large quantities. Prompt dispatch. List free.*
**MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.**



AGENTS Wanted.—The Reliance Lubricating Oil Co. (Old Real-British Firm), Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, Refiners and Blenders of "Autoleum" motor-car oils, Double Filtered Ford Car oil, "Ajax" greases, marine and land engine and machinery oils, "Astral" disinfectants.—Write Secretary. (15,263)



# All Blood Diseases Cured by DOMIGO

Domigo is simply invaluable for all blood diseases, whether acquired or inherited, including Eczema, Ulcers, Boils, Rheumatism, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, and Sores of any kind. A booklet containing full particulars and testimonials of numerous cures achieved by Domigo will be sent **FREE** on application to **THE DOMIGO CO.**, Dept. J.B., 168, Aldersgate Street, London; and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. *Also manufacturers of DOMIGO Food, DOMIGO Skin Soap, DOMIGO Pile Pills, DOMIGO Anæmia Pills.*



**Tonge is the original inventor and manufacturer of hygienic bakery fittings.**



*Everywoman's Weekly*

out now, contains an article on page 666 which no woman should miss

***Buy it to-day. 1d.***

# JOHN BULL'S "MONEY PICTURES."

**WEEKLY PICTURE CONTEST NO. 11.**

**£100** *Must be Won Every Week!*

**ONLY 12 PICTURES QUICK RESULTS.**

We are running this week another "Money Pictures" Competition. Each week's contest is complete in itself. £100 must be won weekly. All you have to do is to solve the 12 pictures given on this page, which represent places in the British Isles.

The names are selected from a special index reprinted for us by the proprietors of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." This index can be obtained, post free 8d., from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," Surrey St., Strand, London, W.C., or through any newsagent or railway bookstall.

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

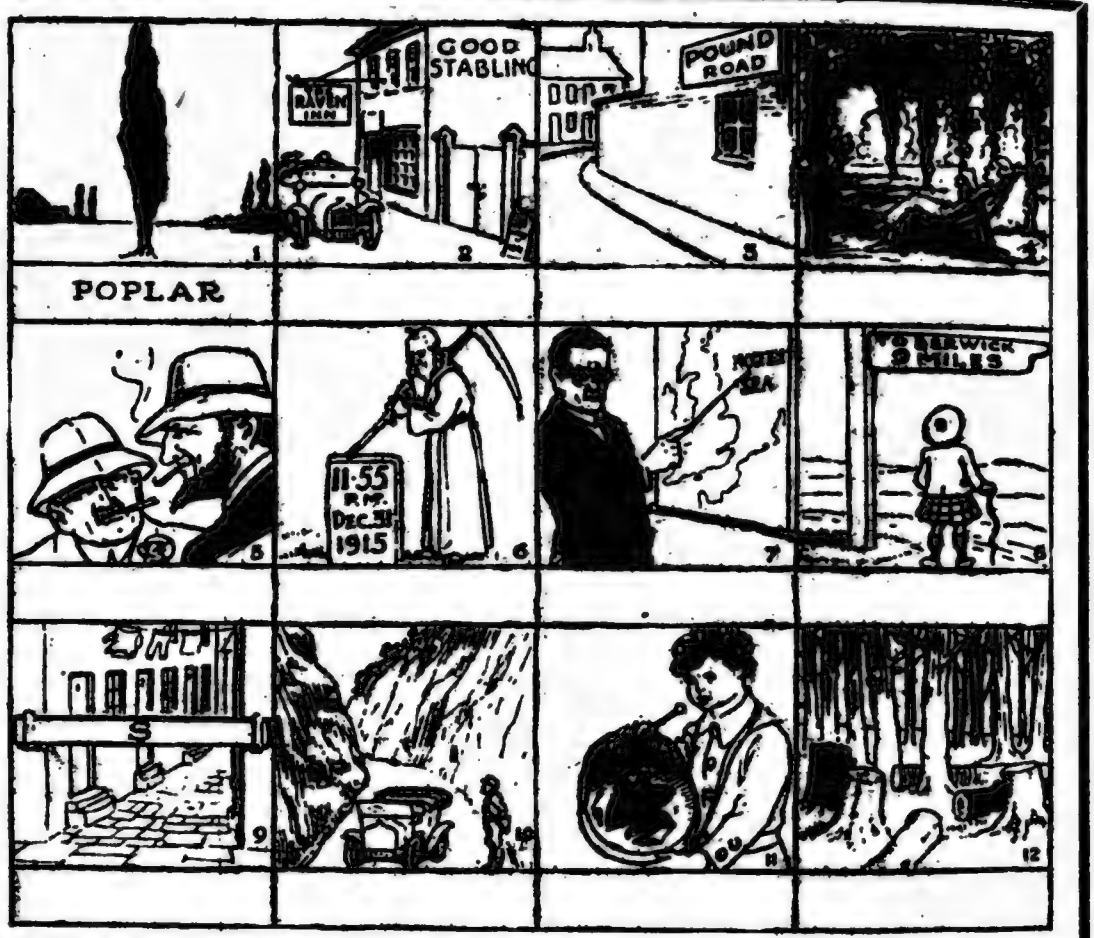
Write *in ink* in the spaces provided the name of the place you think each picture represents. *If you cannot solve all the pictures, fill in as many as you can.* You may send in as many sets as you like. We would add that Scottish Readers may compete.

To the sender of a coupon containing the most correct solutions—whatever the number—we shall award the cash prize of **£100.** In the event of a tie or ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The editor's decision must be accepted as final, and legally binding, and readers can enter only on that understanding.

Address entries to JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark the envelope "Money Pictures No. 10," in top left-hand corner. Entries must reach us not later than Thursday, August 12th.

### IMPORTANT.

**Each set of Solutions must have pinned in the space provided one penny postage stamp or a Free Stamp Voucher, which will be found in "Everywoman's Weekly." Sets received without either will be disqualified. Pin the stamp on—do not stick it down.**




**PIN** a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from "Everywoman's Weekly" **HERE.**

*I submit the above solutions and agree to abide by the Editor's decision and award.*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

No. 11 .....

**THE RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE OF AUG. 21.**

## PRINTER'S PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL":—
"If they find themselves hit by the increased cost of DIVING, are their fellow-countrymen at the front entirely at their ease?"

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"Col. Ivor Phillips said the Minister of Munitions would make a statement to-morrow on means for PROVIDING strikes and lock-outs during continuance of war."

"OUR GIRLS":—
"She shook his hand OFF HIS ARM."

"DAILY MIRROR":—
"Sitting down, the bear slowly sticks out her RIGHT FOOT in the air, holding it with her RIGHT PAW."

"EVENING DISPATCH":—
"Preaching from the text, 'For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own SOIL,' the Bishop of London said . . ."

"HOME NOTES": —
"'Speak, speak to me,' I implored. 'I—CANNOT!' he groaned."

## WINNERS OF PICTURE COMPETITION NO. 9.

Five readers solved, on single coupons, all the twelve pictures, and divide the £100 prize, each receiving £20:—

MATHER, WM., 71, Dover Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
SAUNDERS, WM., 68, Coburn Road, Cathays, Cardiff.
SCOTT, F. E., Buxted Park, Uckfield, Sussex.
SIMON, J. H., Acton, Nantwich, Cheshire.
SUGDEN, W., 10, Brookfield Ter., Headingley, Leeds.

The correct solutions are as follows:—1, Ripon; 2, Shiplake; 3, Tonbridge; 4, Llong; 5, The Oaks; 6, Ware; 7, Boat of Garten; 8, Desert; 9, Adwalton; 10, Macmerry; 11, Waterside; 12, Oxhey.

The surprise was that so many readers neglected the obvious solution to No. 3, Tonbridge. In No. 4, the height of the house (note the number of storeys) signified that the ladder was long, hence Llong. For No. 10 Ascot and Highlandman were favourite solutions, but the readers who submitted those names should have noticed that the Scottish "Mac" was enjoying his dance, and so we get Macmerry. Walton Junction was not so good a solution to No. 9 as Adwalton, whilst Delph, though good, was not equal to Ware in picture No. 6.

1D. EVERY TUESDAY.

# HUNDREDS OF COMPETITORS IN "BULLETS" AND

1D. FROM ALL BOOKSTALLS.

in competitions promoted by other popular weeklies are still unaware that there is published every Tuesday a journal which is issued to help, advise, and protect them. This paper, now in its Third Year, is FINDON'S WEEKLY

# COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

Popularly known as the "C. J.," this helpful periodical was described by "JOHN BULL," as a "unique publication," and the "C. J." has a large following in the rank and file of the huge army of Literary and Picture Competition enthusiasts.

## THE CONTENTS OF THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

**is a weekly feast for all interested in the pastime.**

Under the Heading **NEWS AND VIEWS,** is given the latest information concerning events in the competition world.

**THE PROGRAMME PAGE** gives you the examples for the current week in "Bullets," "Simplets," "Dittoes," and "Jumbles," together with valuable advice as to what ideas you must avoid.

Special Articles on all sorts of competition topics appear every week.

**THE "C. J." PICTURE PAGE** is unique, inasmuch as the pictures set for solving in "J. B.," "T.-B." and "Answers," are all reproduced on one page, so that you can carry the "C. J." and study all three sets of pictures.

**Opposite** the pictures an expert gives his opinion on each picture in the form of a chatty article.

**THE CRITIC'S ARMCHAIR** is the title of a weekly article which deals with efforts which have lost.

## THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES INCLUDE:—

**"HOW I WON THE 'MIDDLES' £1,000." By N. A. Heywood.**
**"SIMPLETS I HAVE SEEN." By the Competition Editor of "Answers."**
**"THE ART OF SETTING PICTURE PUZZLES." By the Picture Puzzle Editor of "John Bull."**
**"HOW COMPETITIONS BENEFIT THE STATE." By Arthur C. Findon.**
**"COMMON MISTAKES MADE BY COMPETITORS." By Eric Kitson.**
**"THE WAR." By Bernard Falk (late News Editor, "London Evening News.")**

*AND OTHER ARTICLES OF GREAT INTEREST.*

"The C. J." is on sale at all Newsagents, at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstalls, and at all other Bookstalls in the United Kingdom, but where any difficulty or delay is experienced in obtaining it we strongly advise readers to either give their newsagents a standing order, or fill in the accompanying Subscription Form, when they can rely upon receiving the Journal by the first post of the Tuesday morning each week.

1D. EVERY TUESDAY.

To THE PUBLISHER, "The Competitors' Journal," 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

Please send me, post free, "THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL" weekly for ..... months, for which I enclose P.O. for .....

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

Subscription Rates are—One Month, 6d.; Three Months, 1/6; Six Months, 3/-; One Year 6/-

1D. FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS.

# More Holiday Prizes!

## Win One and have a FREE Holiday.

# £250!

## FIRST PRIZE

**2nd PRIZE**

**£25**

## 20 AUGUST HOLIDAY PRIZES!

| 10 | 10 | 100 | 1,000 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holiday | Week-end | PRIZES | PRIZES |
| PRIZES OF | PRIZES OF | OF | OF |
| £5 each. | £2 10. | 5/- | 2/6 |

## AND OVER 2,000 OTHER PRIZES.

**Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples:**

A YEAR'S WARFARE
FIRST BIRTHDAY
FILLING THE REGISTER
SEASIDE NUTS
DEAF TO REASON
AMUSES TOMMY
READY TO SHOUT
FUNNY CHAP
STOP FOOLING
DEALING WITH ENEMY
WHEN REJECTED
NEEDS WATCHING
A LUCKY MISS
FIRST LIE
GETTING ENGAGED
STRIKING ACQUAINTANCE
NEEDS NO ASKING
SENT PACKING
REVUE GIRLS
WHEN WIFE KNOWS
PASSING FANCY
MISUNDERSTOOD
DRY WORK
SILENT ADMIRER
FATHER'S JOB
THE KAISER'S LOSSES
MY LANDLADY
MOST PECULIAR WHEN
FEELING ANNOYED
HOPPING SEASON

**Closing date, Thursday, Aug. 12th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(149) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

**Not more than four words or less than two must be used in constructing a "Bullet."**

**Closing date, Thursday, Aug. 12th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(149) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

**ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 149," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**
**Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.**

### THE NEW WAY TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or **FOUR** words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet.

The following examples will guide you:

Example:—
FEELING ANNOYED.
Bullet:—
BACKER, WHEN FAVOURITE LOSES.

Example:—
MY LANDLADY.
Bullet:—
HARD TO DECEIVE.

Example:—
HOPPING SEASON.
Bullet:—
SOON BEGINS.

Competitors may send in two "BULLETS" on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used, an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 28th.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly," dated August 7th.

# RESULT OF 146TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

## FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

**Mr. MAURICE G. PARKER,**
**13, Victoria Street,**
**Norwich, Norfolk.**

Example:—NURSING THE TWINS.
Bullet:—DAD "CONFOUNDS" THEM.

## SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

**Mr. JAMES CUMMING,**
**551, Duke Street,**
**Dennistoun, Glasgow.**

Example:—DOESN'T PAY ANYBODY.
Bullet:—HENCE CAUSE OF "DISTRESS."

## 10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

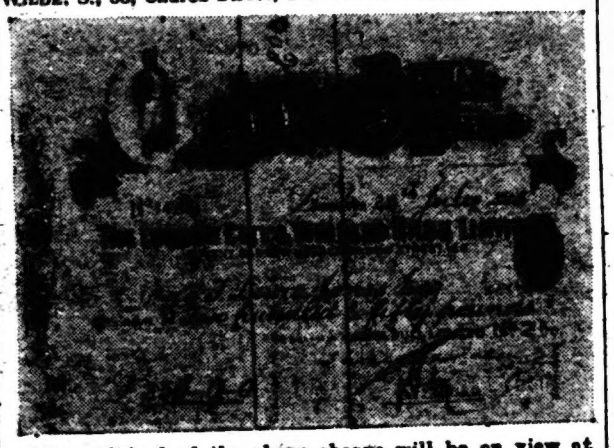
Mr. J. MACDONALD, 5, Strathfillan Road, Edinburgh:
A BIG SPLIT—LOVERS IMAGINE LITTLE TIFF.
Miss LILY CLARKE, 14, Rutland Gardens, Harringay, London:
AWKWARD FIX—FATHER "PINCHED" FOR MONEY.
Mr. S. KACKIND, 34, Grimsby Road, Grimsby:
GOING SHOPPING—HUBBY "GOES FOR" HER.
Private ROBERT A. CORLASS, 71149, 50th Coy., 6th Division Supply Column B.E.F., France:
NOT TO BE HAD—"VIEWS" OF GERMAN NAVY.
Mr. G. BILTON, 18, Valmar Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.:
A BIG SPLIT—SWEETHEARTS "REPAIR" DIFFERENT WAYS.
Mrs. A. CAWLEY, 11, Castle Street, Barry, Glam.:
THE WRONG SPIRIT—BAD TASTE JUST NOW.
Mr. C. V. RUNDELL, Glenwold, Newbottle, Fencehouses, S.O., Co. Durham:
AWKWARD FIX—DRILL-SERGEANT INSTRUCTING PARSON.
Miss E. M. PARROTT, 6, Lodge Road, St. John's Wood, London:
ASKING FOR MONEY—AFTER MARRYING FOR LOVE.
Mr. W. H. WILKINS, 18, Tuddenbanks, Ipswich:
ASKING FOR MONEY—NO "CHANGE" FOR ME.
Miss R. BEEBY, 31, Linsey Street, Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.:
WHEN WIFE APPEARS—SMITH BECOMES MYTH.

## 20 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. C. BOWLER, 3, James Street, Ebbw Vale, South Wales:
LOOKING SMALL—AS OTHERS SEE YOU.
Miss ANNIE BUKHER, 105, St. Mark's Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.:
SLOW TO PART—"TERRIER" WHEN TOP-DOG.
Mr. S. H. ANDREW, 3, Lorne Road, Hove:
SLOW TO PART—WHEN IN "FRIENDLY SOCIETY."
Mr. ARTHUR J. HOLLAND (Draper) Hednesford, Staffs.:
THE WRONG SPIRIT—MAKES TEMPER FIERY TOO.
Mr. WM. KERR, 18, Union Street, Liverpool:
RECRUITING SYSTEM—NURSING THE YOUNG "SHOOTS."
Mr. VIVIAN A. W. VILES, 691, High Road, Tottenham, London, N.:
NOT TO BE HAD—TURKEY—IF ASKED AGAIN.
Mr. S. BARTON, 92, Dalston Lane, London, N.E.:
GOOD TIME COMING—FOR STUDYING ECONOMY.
Mr. J. B. FIELD, 83, Rothwell Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
NOT TO BE HAD—"PERFECTION" BY BUYING "PRACTICE."
Mr. PAT MEADE, Maynooth College, Co. Kildare, Ireland:
ON SPECIAL DUTY—HAVVY'S SHOVEL AS PAN.
Mr. W. J. NELSON, 2, Irene Terrace, Bangor, Ireland:
A SHORT HOLIDAY—IF MISSUS NEW.
Mr. W. H. BROWN, 31, Downe Street, Liverton Mines, Loftus, Yorks.:
AWKWARD FIX—WHICH NEWSPAPER TO BELIEVE.
Mr. R. S. TERRELL, 32, Flanders Road, Bedford Park, London, W.:
THE WRONG SPIRIT—LOSER'S—"MINE WAS BETTER!"
Miss ANNIE PICKERSGILL, 44, Thornhill Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury:
HIGH EXPLOSIVES—POWERFUL STRIKERS FOR LIBERTY.
Mr. GEO. HOLLAND, 100, Granville Road, Blackpool:
SLOW TO PART—OLD BACHELORS WITH FREEDOM.
Mr. M. C. WHITING, 2nd Officer, s.s. "Lydia," L. & S.W. Ry., Southampton:
GETTING BEHIND—AND PUSHING, MOTORING EXPERIENCE.
Mr. N. J. CLELAND, 11, Victoria Crescent, Elgin, N.B.:
GOOD TIME COMING—SWEETHEART PREFERS THE "PRESENT."
Mr. JOHN SANSOM, 26, Barnet Grove, Bethnal Green, London, N.E.:
LOOKING SMALL—PATENT MEDICINE—MINUS WRAPPER.
Mr. J. A. HANNON, 9, Fairmount Rd., Brixton Hill, London, S.W.:
A BIG SPLIT—JOIN AND SECURE PEACE.
Mr. WM. HOWARD, 33, Westminster Rd., Whitehall, Bristol:
WHEN WIFE APPEARS—SHE'S CONFUSED—HE'S ABUSED.
Mrs. A. SHEPPICK, 208, Albert Road, East Croydon, Surrey:
RECRUITING SYSTEM—MAKES UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS.

## 25 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

ALLEN, A., 26, Blenheim Road, Barnsley.
ANDREWS, H., 49, Bedford Road, East Ham, E.
BACKHOUSE, WM., 36, Conway View, Harehills, Leeds.
COLLIER, J. G., 24, Rhodesia Road, Clapham, S.W.
CRAVEN, A. L., 11, St. Paul's Road, Withington, Manchester.
DAVIDSON, W. McKAY, Secretary's Office, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
DONOGHUE, T. (Sergt.), R.I.C., Slane, Co. Meath, Ireland.
EDWARDS, J. T., Ministry of Munitions, 90, Princes Street, Edinburgh.
GOODFELLOW, H. T., 332, Scott Ellis Gardens, St. John's Wood, N.W.
GROVES, S., 6, Caerphilly Street, Cardiff.
HELM, J., 76, Wood Street, Elton, Bury.
HERBERT, G., 18, Cross Blanche Street, Dowlais, Merthyr Tydfil.
HUMPHRIES., T., 209, Mt. Pottinger Road, Belfast.
LONG, K., 38, East Reach, Taunton.
McCLUSKY, E. (Miss), 12, Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.
MOURTON, J. H., 22, Sonning Street, Barnsbury, N.
ROCKLEY, J. (Nurse), 1-5, Military Hospital, Victoria Road, Leicester.
ROGERS, J., Highland Villa, Forester Road, Thorneywood Estate, Nottingham.
ROWLANDS, J., 21, Stanley Street, Mold, N. Wales.
SMITH, J., 185, Whitehall Street, Rochdale.
SMITH, W. W. (Lieut.), K.S.L.I., attached 2nd Manchester Regt., B.E.F.
THOMPSON, L., (Mrs.), 2, South View, Guildford Road, Ash, Surrey.
WARRINER, S., 62, Rushdale Avenue, Meersbrook, Sheffield.
WIGHTMAN (Petty Officer), Royal Naval Hospital, Ward 28, Plymouth.
WILDE, S., 88, Church Street, Dukinfield, Cheshire.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mrs. Hemming, 39, Queen Street, Neath, from Thursday, August 5th, and at those of Mr. W. Rosser, newsagent, Bridge Street, Neath, from August 9th.
A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at Vint's Palace, Neath.

## Selection from 1,000 Winners of 5s. War Loan Vouchers.

NAIRNE, B. (Miss), 5, H., Queen Alexadra's Court, Wimbledon.
NEAL, B., c.o. F. Kilner, 22, St. James Street, Brighton.
NELSON, G., 42, Gore Park Road, Eastbourne.
NEWHAMS (Mrs.), 59, Meldon Terrace, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
NEWMAN, MARTHA, 20, Siddal Street, Siddal, Halifax.
NEWMAN, CHAS., 1, Duke Street, Burton-on-Trent.
NEWMAN, W. H., 99, Hanover Terrace, Brighton.
NEWSUM, A. H. (Staff Clerk), Donington Hall, Derby.
NICHOLLS, A. J., 19, Talbot Street, Colley Gate, Cradley Heath.
NISBET, R. C., 3, Gorsehill Road, New Brighton, Cheshire.
NIXON, J. (Miss), 63, Arthington Street, Bradford, Yorks.
NOBLE, M. (Miss), 2, Sefton Villas, Aintree, Liverpool.
NOBLE, JOHN, 18, Hornby St., Birkenhead.
NORGROVE, E. G., 43, Bignor Street, Cheetham, Manchester.
NORRIS, D. (Sergt.), 6, Ford Tce., Kendal.
NORTH, M. E. (Mrs.), 9, Guest Cottages, Penywern, Dowlais.
NUTTRIDGE, W., 13, Lower Oxford Street, Castleford, Yorks.
OAKLEY, C. (Mrs.), 110, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
O'BOYLE, J., 19, Hawthorn Street, Barnsley, Yorks.
O'CONNOR, J., 4, Sunview Terrace, South Douglas Road, Cork.
OGDEN, A., 39, Haworth Road, Gorton, Manchester.
OGDEN, J., 32-4, Featherstall Road North, Oldham.
OLDHAM, G., 10, South Street, Wellington, Somerset.
OLIVER, E. J. (Staff Sergt.), A.O.C., Rame Church Battery, Cawsand, Cornwall.
O'REILLY, O., Brighton Road, Purley.
ORMANDY, T. W., 13, Earl Street, Warwick Road, Carlisle.
ORMSTON, GEO., "Glyn Craig," Low Fell, Co. Durham.
OSBORNE, MARY, 38, Bellingdon Road, Chesham, Bucks.
OTHEN, W., 183, Morley Avenue, Wood Green, N.
OWEN, J. H., 5, Roydale Street, Bradford Road, Manchester.
OWEN-JONES, H. T., 265, Burley Rd., Leeds.
PALMER, F., Gardeners' Inn, Howleigh, Pitminster, Taunton.
PALEGRAVE, H., 77, Station Rd., Chertsey.
PARISH, C., 14, Park Row, Leeds.
PARK, J., 34, Hartington Rd., Aberdeen.
PARKER, J., 11, George Street, Hetton Downs, Co. Durham.
PARKER, S. A., 106, Wilford Rd., Nottingham.
PARRY, R. J., Draper, Llanidloes, N. Wales.
PARSONS, EDITH M., 20, Manor Street, Hinckley, Leicester.
PARTNER, W. (S.Q.M.S.), 7th Reserve Cav., Tidworth.
PATON, J., 3, Bright Street, Glasgow.
PATTERSON, S. (Mrs.), 43, Dartmouth Road, Hendon.
PATTERSON, F., Belvoir Castle, Grantham.
PATTISON, G. H., Schull, Co. Cork.
PAULL, M. E. (Mrs.), 10, St. Anne's Road, Caversham, Reading.
PAYNE, G. COTTON, Gore House, Fairfield Tce., Newquay, Cornwall.
PAYNE, G., 82, Burchell Road, Leyton.
PEACOCK, HILDA, 22, Ferrybank, Arklow, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

## "BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

**Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."**

# "Do come with me!"

"We're going to have the loveliest little home you ever saw. I've found it—at the 'Midland.' The very furniture we'd planned to get—and such a bargain! You've simply no idea how inexpensive really good furniture can be until you go to the 'Midland.'"

## Money buys more at the "Midland."

Whether you want furniture for a palace or for a cottage, whether you want to spend five pounds or five hundred—the "Midland" give you the widest choice, the most generous terms, and the best value for every shilling.

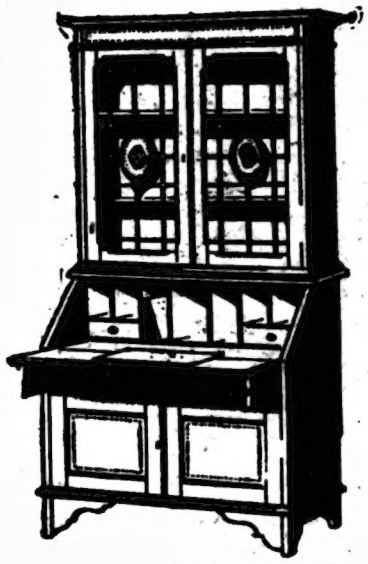
**Rail Fares Paid**

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.

Fumed Oak Bureau, 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in. deep. Exceptional value. £1 4s. 6d.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice.

£2 15s. 0d.



Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with fall front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 16 in. deep. £4 15s. 0d.

### Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons to give you an idea of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere; you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."

### Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

| Worth. | Per Mth. | Worth. | Per Mth. |
|---|---|---|---|
| £10 .. | £0 6 0 | £50 .. | £1 8 0 |
| £20 .. | 0 11 0 | £100 . | 2 5 0 |
| £30 .. | 0 17 0 | £200 . | 4 10 0 |
| £40 .. | 1 5 0 | £500 .. | 11 5 0 |

Larger amounts pro rata.

### Country Orders

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

The "Marlborough." Fumed Oak Bedroom Suite, handsomely designed and finished a rich antique brown. Wardrobe, 6 ft. 5 in. high, 3 ft. 6 in. wide; dainty 2 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table with bevelled oval mirror; 2 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and back; complete with rush-seated chair. £9 19s. 6d.

### Free Life and Fire Insurance

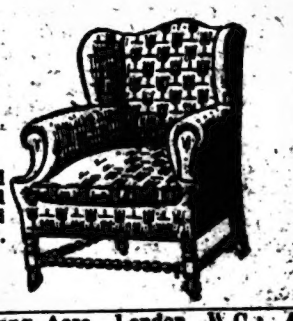
The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked price on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**

## 10% Discount for Cash

A beautifully made three-piece suite carried out on Jacobean lines, with underframe and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown.

£9 19s. 6d.



# Midland

## Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

*Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.*

**15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.**

*Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.*

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.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